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Poetry.

For the Blade.

STRAY SONGS FROM MIRZA SCHAFFY.

TRANSLATED BY E. L.

I.

Zuleikha.

Not unto angels in yonder starry blue,
Nor to fragrant roses of crimson hue;
Not e'en to the light of the golden sun,
I liken Zuleikha, my lovely one.

Lo! no angels' heart love's passion knows,
And thorns lie hid 'neath the glowing rose;
And the sun at even must cease to shine:—
Nay! none resemble Zuleikha, mine.

Neither heaven nor earth can her like produce,
Nor Time dim the flame her black eyes infuse;
So inexpressibly good and fair,
Herself can but with Zuleikha compare.

II.

This is what the Persians say:
"Well for him who loves the Truth
If his charger saddled be;
And for him who thinks the Truth
That his charger straddled be;
He who dares to speak the Truth
Had best have wings to reach the skies!
Yet Mirza Schaffy says, 'who lies
Shall soundly thrashed and paddled be.'"

III.

Who ne'er försook discretion's sober ways,
And to no deed can give a sorrowing thought;
Who acted sage in his youth's golden days—
While ne'er a fool—of wisdom knoweth naught.

Our Story Teller.

Written For the Blade.

MORE PANGS AND FEARS

Than Wars or Women Have.

BY JOHN M'ELROY.

Some have greatness thrust upon them.—*Malvolio.*

Private Jacob Alspaugh was probably as badly disturbed by the volley which the regiment had received as any man in it. He had enjoyed the distinction of being the "best man" among the combative youths of Sardis, and his fondness for, and invariable success in the fistic struggles which form so much of the interest in the life of a certain class of young men in country Villages, had led his townsmen to entertain extravagant hopes of his achievements in the field.

But, like most of his class, his courage was purely physical, and a low order of that type. He was bold in encounters where he knew his superior strength and agility rendered small the chances of his receiving serious harm, but of that high pride and mounting spirit which leads up to soldierly deeds he had none. Therefore, when the fire came, and he saw his comrades lying dying and dead on the hillside, he could hardly restrain himself from taking to panic-stricken flight. But, cooling down a little, he said to the man that stood by his side:

"Jim, this is just awful! An' it'll be wuss than ever in another minute. Let's git behind that big rock there 's quick as the Lord'll let us."

He turned to carry this intention into execution, when his attention was arrested by Capt. Bob Burton's shout to charge the enemy. He had no idea of complying with this, but looked around to see his comrades sweep forward, leaving him standing with a score or more other weak-kneed irresolutes.

Again he thought he would seek the refuge of the rock, but at that moment the Union line swept up to the Rebels and scattered them as the wave does dry sand.

Jake's mental motions were always quick enough, and now he was not long in realizing that the danger was past and that he had an opportunity of gaining some credit cheaply. He acted promptly. Fixing his bayonet, he gave a fearful yell and started forward on a run to the position the regiment had gained.

He was soon in the lead of the pursuers, and seemed to be making amends by his earlier tardiness by his later zeal. As he ran ahead he shouted continually:

"Run down the hellions! Shoot 'em! Ray'net 'em! Stab 'em! Don't let one of 'em get away!"

He had overtaken one or two slow-paced Rebels, who had surrendered, and been handed by him over to other boys who had come up, and were taken by them back to the rear.

There is an elation in a man-chase that is not even approached by any other kind of hunting, and Jake became fairly intoxicated with it.

In his excitement he took no note of how far he was outstripping the remainder of his companions.

About a hundred yards ahead of him was a tall, gaunt Virginian, clad in butternut colored jeans, of a queer cut and pattern, and a bell-crowned hat of rough beaver. Though his gait was shambling, and his great splay feet rose and fell in a most awkward way, he passed over the ground with a swiftness that made it rather doubtful whether Jake was gaining on him at all. But the latter was encouraged by signs of his chase's distress. First, the Rebel's bell-crowned hat flew off, and rolled behind him, and Jake could not resist the temptation to give it a kick, which sent it spinning into a clump of honeysuckles. Then the Rebel flung off a haversack, whose flapping interfered with his speed and this was followed by a cedar canteen. The thought flashed into Jake's mind that perhaps this was filled with the much boasted peach brandy of the section, and as ardent spirits was one of his weaknesses, the temptation to halt and pick the canteen up was very strong, but he conquered it and sped on after his victim. Next followed the fugitive's belt, loaded down with a cartridge box, a savage knife, made from a large rasp, and handled with buckhorn, and a fierce-looking horse pistol, with a flint lock.

"I seemed to be bustin' up a moosyum of revolutionary relics," said Jake afterward, in describing the incident. "The feller dropt keepsakes from his forefathers, like a bird moltin' his feathers in a windy day. I begun to think that if I kep' up the chase purty soon he'd begin to shed Continental mummy, an' knee-britches."

The fugitive turned off to the right into a path that wound through the laurel thickets. Jake followed with all the energy that remained to him, confident that a short distance more would bring him so close his game that he could force a surrender by a threat of bayoneting him. He had caught up to a rod or less of the Rebel, and was already foreshortening his musket in anticipation of making a lunge at him with the bayonet, in case of a refusal to surrender, when he was amazed to see the Rebel whirl around, level his gun at him, and demand his surrender. Jake was so astonished that he lost his footing, stumbled, fell forward on his knees and dropt his gun. As he raised his eyes he saw three or four more Rebels step out from behind a rock and level their guns upon him, with what seemed to Jake an expression of bloodthirstiness that was simply diabolical. Then it flashed upon him how far away he was from his companions, and that the labyrinth of laurel into which he had penetrated made it seem even much farther.

With this realization came the involuntary groan:

"My God, it's all up with me! I'm a goner!"

His courage did not ooze out of his finger's ends, like the historic Bob Acres's; it vanished like the gas from a rent balloon. He clasped his hands, and tried to think of some prayer.

"Now I lay me," he murmured.

"Shall we shoot the varmint?" said one of the Rebels.

"O, mister, don't! *Please* don't! I swear I didn't mean to do no harm to ye!"

"Wall, ye acted mouty quare for a man that didn't mean no harm," said the pursued man, regaining his breath with some difficulty. "A chasin' me down with that prod on your gun, and a'threatin' to stick it into me every jump, only wanted to see me run, did ye?"

"O, mister, I only done it 'cause I was ordered to."

"Whar's the ossifers that wuz orderin' ye? Thar wan't no one within a mile o' ye? Guess we'd better shoot ye."

Again Jake raised his voice with a plea for mercy.

"Wouldn't it be better to bay'nit him?" suggested another. "If we go to shootin' around here it may bring the Yanks onto us."

"I 'spect 'twould be better to take him back a little farther, anyway," said the man whom Jake had pursued. "Pick up his gun thar, Eph. Come along you, an' be mouty peart about it, for we're in a powerful bad frame o' mind to be fooled with. I wouldn't give a fi-penny-bit for all yer life's worth. The boys air jest pizen mad from seein' so many o' their kin an' folks killed by your crowd."

Grateful for even this momentary respite Jake rose from his knees with alacrity, and humbly followed one of the Rebels along the path. The others strode behind, and occasionally spurred Jake to a more rapid pace with a prick from their bayonets.

"O!—Ouch! mister, don't do that, *please!* You don't know how it hurts! I aint got no rhinoceros skin to stand sich jabs as that. That came purty near goin' clean through to my heart."

"Skeet ahead faster, or the next punch 'll go clean through you, for sartain. If your skin's so tender what air ye doin' in the army?"

They climbed the mountain laboriously, and came down on the other side. About midway in the descent they reached a deserted cabin standing near the side of a road.

"By the Lord Harry!" said one of the Rebels, "I'm a'most clean gin out. I'm tireder nor a claybank hoss arter a hard day's plowin', an' I'm ez dry as a limekiln. I motion that we stop hesh an' take a rest. We can put our Yank in the house thar, an' keep him. I wonder whar the spring is that the folks that lived here got their water from."

"Ef I don't disremember, this is whar little Pete Higginbottom lived afore the country got rather unhealthy for him, on account of his partiality fur other people's hosses. I made a little trip up hesh the time I lost that white-faced sorrel mar o' mine, an' I'm pretty shure the spring's over thar in that holler."

"Lordy, they must have hankered arter the fun o' totin' water, to've lugged it clar from over thar. I'd a' moved the house nearer the spring afore I'd a' stood that for a month."

"The distance to the water oughtn't to bother a feller that gits along with usin' as little as you do," growled one of the party.

"A man whose nose looks like a red pepper pod in August, an' his shirt like a section of rich bottom land, ha'n't much room to make remarks 'bout other folks's use o' water," retorted the other.

Jake plucked up some courage from the relaxation of the savage grimness of his captors, which seemed implied in this pleasantry, and with him such recuperation of spirits always took the form of brassy self-assertion.

"Don't you fellers know that the best thing you can do with me," he began, in a tone that was intended to be placating, but was rasping and irritating. "Don't you know that the best thing you kin do with me is to take me back to our people an' trade me off for one of your fellers that we've ketched?"

"The best thing you can do, is to keep that gapin' mouth o' yourn so tight shut that the flies won't hev no chance to blow the back o' your throat," said the man whose nose had been described as red as a pepper pod in August. "An' the next best thing's fur ye to git inter that cabin thar quicker'n hell'll scorch a feather, an' stay thar without makin' a motion toward gittin' away. Git!" And he made a thrust at poor Jake with his bayonet, that tore open his blouse and shirt, and laid a great, gaping, bleeding wound along his breast. Jake leaped into the cabin, and threw himself down upon the puncheon floor.

"There was none of our crowd taken prisoners; they was all killed," added the Rebel. "An' the only way to git even is to send you whar they are."

Jake made another effort to recall one of the prayers he had derided in the days of his bed boyhood.

Leaving one of their number to guard him, the Rebels started for the hollow, in search of water to quench their burning thirst.

They had gained such a distance from the position occupied in the morning and were in such an out of the way spot, that the thought that the pursuing victors could reach them did not obtrude itself for an instant, either upon their minds or Jake's.

But as the squad came up the rise of the ground with a gourdful of spring water for their companion, they were amazed to see a party of blue coats appear around the bend of the road at a little distance. They yelled to the Rebel left on guard:

"Kill the Yank, an' run for your life!"

The man comprehended the situation and the order. He fired his gun at Jake, but with such nervous haste as to destroy his aim, and send the charge into the puncheon a foot beyond his intended victim, and then ran off with all celerity, to join his flying companions. The Union soldiers sent a few dropping shots after the Rebels, which hit none of them.

Jake managed to recover his wits and nerves sufficiently, to stagger to the door as his comrades came up, and grasp one of the guns which the Rebels had left.

Questions and congratulations were showered upon him, but he replied incoherently, and gasped a request for a drink of water, as if he were perishing with thirst. While some sought for this, and others sought for signs of the Rebels, he gained time to fix up a fairly presentable story of a desperate and long-continued bayonet fight with the Rebels, the issue of which was still doubtful when his comrades appeared on the scene. He had so many gaping wounds to confirm his story that it was believed implicitly, and he was taken back to camp as one of the foremost heros of the eventful day. The Colonel made him a Sergeant as soon as he heard the story, and regretted much that he could not imitate the example of the great Napoleon, and raise him to a commission on the scene of his valiant exploits. His cot at the hospital was daily visited by crowds of admiring comrades, to whom he repeated his story with marked improvements in manner and detail every time. He had no anxiety to leave the hospital during his term of service, but his hurts were all superficial, and healed rapidly, and in a couple of weeks the Surgeon pronounced him ready to return to duty. He cursed inwardly that officer's scrupulous zeal in keepings the ranks as full as possible, but went back to his company to find it preparing to go into another fight.

"Hello! Jake, awful glad to see you back," said his comrades. "Now you'll have a chance to get your revenge on those fellows. There'll be enough of us with you to see that you have a fair fight."

"To the devil with their fair fight!" said Jake to himself. That evening he strolled around to the Colonel's tent, and said to the commander of the Regiment:

"Colonel, the Doctor seems to think I'm fit to return to duty, but I don't feel at all right yet. I have a numbness in my legs so that I can hardly walk sometimes. I hear that the man that's been drivin' the headquarters wagon has had to go to the hospital. I'd like to take his place till me an' him gits well."

"All right, Sergeant, you can have the place as long as you wish, or any other that I have to give. I can't do too much for so brave a man as you have shown yourself to be."

So it happened that in the next fight the regiment was not gratified with any thrilling episodes of sanguinary single-handed bayonet combats between the indomitable Jake and bloodthirsty rebels. He had deferred his "revenge" indefinitely.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OLD TALES RETOLD.

How the Emir of Bedad Was Outwitted by a Simple Bard.

New York World.

Allamagoozler, Emir of Bedad, (may his tribe increase), was a man of such podigious memory that he could recite the longest poem after having heard it once repeated. In his household also there was a eunuch who could repeat any poem which he had heard twice, and a female slave who could do as much if she had but heard it thrice.

The Emir, who was very fond of poetry and his sequins, then issued a proclamation, announcing that contributions were respectfully invited, and that such as were accepted would be paid for at the rate of their weight in gold, but it was added that if any poet should attempt to palm off upon the Emir plagiarisms or old compositions, not only should he receive no reward, but he should be instantly bastinadoed and paraded through the streets of Bedad on a white mule with his face toward the animal's tail.

Hundreds of poets, anxious to win the Emir's applause, visited the court of Bedad, where the Emir received them, the eunuch standing amid his attendants and the female slave sitting behind a screen of lattice-work. When the poet had recited his ode the Emir's face would darken with indignation.

"Dog of a poet!" he would thunder, "that dare to enter my presence with a lie upon thy lips! The verses thou hast just recited I read many years ago—are as familiar to me as my prayers." Then he would repeat the ode to the astonished poet, and when he had concluded he would say: "Not only is it known to me, but that eunuch yonder read it to me long ago, as his own tongue shall witness"; and when the eunuch had repeated it, the female slave also would be appealed to, and would favor the company with a recitation.

Thereupon the Emir would sign to his black slave Mesrour, and the poet would be hustled forth and bastinadoed and paraded through the streets of Bedad on a white mule with his face toward the animal's tail, and as soon as he had recovered the use of his feet would depart to his own city in an utterly dazed condition and prepared to admit that after all there might be something in the theory of an Unconscious Memory.

Meanwhile the poet's ode would be written in letters of gold upon illuminated vellum and placed in the royal library, the Emir thus obtaining a priceless collection of the cream of contemporary literature at the minimum of expense.

Now, there was a poet who dwelt in a remote oasis and had followed with interest the literary movement of the time. He too declared his intention of presenting himself before the Emir. For seven years, therefore, he wrought and produced an ode beside which the writings of Carlyle and Walt Whitman and Stephen Pearl Andrews were even as a b ab. The shortest word in it made two lines, and the nominatives, fainting beneath a burden of adjectives, grew gray before they found their long-lost twin verbs. Having completed this work he set forth for the court of Bedad amid the lamentations of his kindred.

When the Emir was informed of the arrival of another poet he made the attendants summon the eunuch and female slave, select two new whips of hyppopotamus hide, saddle a white mule, and admit the bard.

The poet made his obeisance to the Emir, and thus addressed him: "Commander of the Faithful, your slave has here a little thing which he threw off in five minutes last night. Your slave belongs to a new literary school, and the production which he has the honor of submitting is a sincere, though, perhaps, inadequate, specimen of the Poetry of the Future."

"Buk! buk! It is good, my son; proceed, in the name of the thirty-nine Imaums!" replied the Emir, and the poet thusencouraged recited his ode.

As he proceeded the complacency of the Emir gave place to, in rapid succession, eager interest, astonishment, and despair, while the eunuch lamented to his neighbors that he had never studied phonography, and the female slave declared that it was hard to die so young.

At the conclusion of the recitation the Emir sighed, frowned, passed his hand across his forehead as if to collect his thoughts, and said: "My son, your verses are not without a certain merit, though it seems to me that I have read or heard something very like them before. Let me see if I can recall them. Hem!

'Hammastodocephalic monarch'—

curious I cannot remember the next line, and yet I seem to have it at my fingers' ends. Did you ever hear that poem?" he continued, addressing the eunuch.

"Commander of the Faithful!" cried the slave, prostrating himself before the Emir; "I have a faint recollection that my grandmother once sang me to sleep with a song very like that, but, of course, I could not positively say."

"And you, Fatima," cried the Emir to the female slave.

"Light of the Sun!" stammered the beautiful slave, feeling (as she subsequently averred) that she did not know whether she was sitting on her head or her heels, "I have a vague idea that I once read something very like it in the Poet's Corner of the Bedad Zimzem, but my mind was so occupied with admiration of my gracious sovereign"—

"Enough!" said the Emir; "we will give the poet the benefit of the doubt. Hang up the whip, unsaddle the white mule, and let the treasurer give the poet the weight of his manuscript in gold."

"Commander of the Faithful!" said the poet, "command that sixteen stout slaves be sent to fetch it, where it is on my insignificant camels that wait at your illustrious gate."

"Sixteen stout slaves!" gasped the Emir.

"May it please your highness!" said the poet, "owing to the exactions of the wood-pulp ring, it was beyond the power of your slave to purchase paper, and judging that an ode to so mighty a monarch should endure nearly as long as his fame, your slave carved his poem upon the fragments of an obelisk in the oasis, and thus the manuscript made a load for four stout camels!"

"H'm!" said the Emir, reflectively, then, waving his hand to the royal treasurer, he cried: "Appoint a Commission on International Copyright!"

In high feather—the soaring eagle.—*N. Y News.*

For the Blade.

ALPHABET OF SHORT RULES.

BY AMBROSE S. OTTEY.

Attend well to your business.
Be punctual in your payments.
Consider well before you promise.
Dare to do right and speak the truth.
Envy no man's possessions.
Faithfully perform your duty.
Go not in the paths of vice.
Have order, system and regularity.
If you have a place of business, be found there.
Judge not men by their intentions.
Know yourself, you'll have plenty to do,
Live not for any consideration.
Make very few acquaintances.
Never laugh at the mistakes of others.
Occupy your time in usefulness.
Postpone nothing that you can do now.
Quarrel not with any one.
Remember not to betray a confidence.
Say little, think much, and do more.
Treat everybody with kindness.
Use yourself with moderation.
Vilify no person's reputation.
Watchfully guard against idleness.
Xamine your conduct daily.
Yield to superior judgment.
Zealously pursue the right path.

JACK'S BOYS.

Jack Trevers is a "sure enough" man, as Two shoes says. "Nobody didn't made him out of a nink stand and put him in a book," he is a veritable citizen of Lake County. It was a long time ago that he came here from somewhere, with three baby boys and no mother for them. He built himself a cabin on an unclaimed piece of land, about three miles from the Village, and then tried to get work. At first, he would work only near home, so that he could see his children every night, but when Johnny got to be four years old, and Tom had reached the mature age of nine, he got a job of teaming, that kept him away all the time, except two nights out of the week and Sunday. By this time, Tom had learned to cook a little, and to assume the responsibility of the household. Willie, the second child, was a nervous, active fellow, and so wide awake and full of mischief he kept the whole family in an uproar. Johnny, the baby, was an unfathomable looking boy, fat as butter, fair as alabaster, and the laziest little mortal living. The nearest approach he ever made toward playing was to lie on his back and laugh while watching his brothers play. His laugh was the most spontaneous and irresistible upheaval of merriment ever listened to; it bubbled up like cream lager, and overflowed through its inherent effervescence. Indeed, if it had required effort on Johnny's part, it never would have been. He was a beautiful child, but for his dirty, neglected appearance; and the mother whose loving pride would have rectified this was far away in the distant sky.

Now, these three children were in a great measure cut off from all social intercourse by reason of their having no mother. No one visited the house. Jack taught the oldest one to read a little, and bought him a few books. He was an industrious scholar, and when he could master a newspaper paragraph was firmlly convinced that he knew a great deal. The fact of his being cut off from all other boys with whom he could measure his attainments led him into this very common error; but it had one good result—he placed great value on his learning, and felt the necessity of imparting it to the other boys. So he kept school for two hours each day, and in this way they all learned to read. When Jack was at home, he encouraged them in their studies, and began to teach them something of arithmetic and writing.

It was the desire of their lives to possess a clock, and great was their delight one evening when Jack brought one home. They set it up according to directions, and it started all right. They were much pleased with its tone in striking, and as Jack showed them the way to make it strike, the presumption is that they kept it striking pretty much all the time he was off on his next trip. Be that as it may, when he returned, the clock wouldn't strike at all. He questioned them, but their answers bewildered and finally threw him off the scent. He came to the conclusion that Johnny was right in thinking it was tired. If this was the case, it did not require much time to rest, and in resting it acquired the most unprecedented vigor; for, when he returned again, it would strike the hours, the half hours, and almost the minutes and seconds. It would strike a hundred times without stopping, and *encore* without being asked.

"Now, boys," said Jack, "I know you've been foolin' with that clock."

They all protested. Their faces were innocent as could be.

"That's strange," said he; "It must have been out of kelter when I bought it. Cohen swindled me on it. By hokey, I never touch that Jew that I don't get salted. Hang me if I don't go for him the next time I see him."

"You punch him good, Jack," said Willie, (they all called him Jack); "if he don't need it for the clock, he does for lots of other things. Tom's coat, you paid $8 for, was shoddy, and fell to pieces as soon as it got wet; and that ten pounds of sugar you brought home last time only weighed seven—we weighed it; and Johnny's new boots are only just pasted together, and are all apart already. You just give him fits. I wish I could be there to see you do it."

Jack was a good natured man, but feeling that it was his duty to resent such an accumulation of injuries, he tried to nurse his wrath to keep it warm. And the boys helped him; they told him so many instances of Cohen's rascality in their own small dealings, and abused him so roundly, that in the morning, when he left home, he was as nearly angry as he had ever been. Now, the merchant was an unprincipled villain, who had grown rich out of the necessities of the wretchedly poor cummunity around him; and his extortions were crying aloud for redress. Alas for justcie! Jack forgot his anger before he reached town. The day was so beautiful, the roads were so good, and his off wheel-mule, "Beck," never once thought to kick herself out of the traces for the entire three miles, something she had not omitted before within the menory of man. The lovely influence of all these things conspired to bring on his softest and most dreamy mood; and he fell to thinking of the Widow Cramer, on the old Harbin road, and to wondering if she really smiled upon all men as she smiled on him; and if, and if, *ad infinitum*, for the subject was an inexhaustable one. He was roused out of Eden by hearing his "boss" speak to him: "Go to Cohen's this morning, Jack, and take up a load of hides you will find there; leave the quicksilver until your next trip."

"All right, sir." And he swung his team around in front of Cohen's store.

"'Ust you trive rount behint te shdore, unt not geep your tam pucking mules in te vay of mine gudomers," Cohen roared, in a voice quite different from that in which he addressed a man with money in his pocket.

"You come and put me around, won't you?" said Jack, as two red spots slowly gathered in his cheeks.

"Do it yoarsels, unt be hangt mit you."

"Not much, Mary Ann," drawled Jack, looking at him out of the corner of his eye, and leisurely swinging himself to the ground. "I'm as much of a man as you are. Do you want to try it on?"

"You're a tam peggar, mitout a tollar to your bocket."

"Don't say too much. Cohen, unless you've got the hand to try it on."

"I vish dere vas a law to hang such insolent peggars."

Jack was doing something to his harness — buckling and unbuckling straps, and making changes generally—casting sidelong glances at the merchant meantime. When he was trough, he reached him in one bound.

"You black scoundrel," he said, "you have swindled me out of hundreds of dollars since I came to this country—every dollar earned by hard work. Not only that, but you've cheated poorer men than I am; and you've robbed widows and orphans. You suck up every cent set afloat in this community. You're a thief, by hokey. You'd go on the highway if you were not too cowardly. There's nobody you wouldn't rob; you'd steal acorns from a blind hog. But talk's cheap—I've got something better than talk." And with that came the first blow, and Jack administered it; the price of it was ten dollars. The first blow was all that cost anything, and that being over with, Jack limbered himself to his work in the most energetic style. The bystanders forebore to interfere, though the merchant called on them most piteously. When Jack had satisfied himself of the thoroughness of the job, he picked him up, as one does a puppy, and pitched him into the street, and then walked into the store after the hides. He brought out his arms full, and met Cohen in the door, who dodged round to the back porch, where he petted his bruises, among the jeers of a dozen heartless little street cubs, until his adversary had loaded up and departed.

Now, Jack's boys, being alone and seeing no one, heard nothing of the fight over which the community was rejoicing, until he returned from his trip to spend Sunday. Indeed, they had forgotten the matter, and so had he until he heard that irrepressible clock, hammering distraction into everybody that heard it—children excepted.

"She do beat natur all holler, Jack," said Johnny; "and her never lets up, only to draw her breat sometimes. That clock's worth a million dollars."

"Has she been going that way ever since I left?"

"Bet yer boots. And her can keep it up for never and never, amen."

"Jack," said Willie, "did you see Cohen?"

"Yes, and I whaled him like blazes, too."

"WHAT!" came from all the boys, in the largest sized capitals.

Jack thought he detected something like consternation in this simultaneous explosion, and made up his mind to "lie low and keep shady" until he could find out more. Presently Tom and Willie stole off together, and in a few minutes one of them called Johnny. Jack stepped to a chink-hole and peeped out, smiling.

"I've got the dead wood on you fellers now," he saik. But his smile disappeared as he noted their performance.

"Why, they are only trading with each other—swapping knives, or buttons, or trinkets." So he withdrew, and he gan to get supper.

The next day Jack spent in the woods with his axe; he was getting fuel enough to last the children a week. Of coarse they were with him—Tom and Willie playing, and Johnny on his back down in the grass near his father. Presently the big boys were out of hearing, and Jack sat down by Johnny, in a comfortable manner, and opened conversation in a free-and-easy, half confidential style.

"I've a notion," said he, "to buy me some hogs to fatten, so I can make my own meat. What do you say to it?"

"All right," said Johnny, bringing himself to sitting posture. "You get some, Jack, and I'll feed 'em for you."

The idea of Johnny volunteering to do anything was a surprise; and Jack determined to buy them immediately.

"What kind of hogs do you want, Johnny?"

"Well, you see, Jack, I want spotted ones, and not too big. If they're big, they'll eat so-o-o *much;* and a feller can't be always workin' to fill up hogs even if they *is* spotted."

"Well, I'll get little ones; at least, not very big," said Jack. "I'll get 'em, sure; and don't you tell the boys anything about it. Won't they be surprised, though? And I'll get you a little tin bucket to carry barley and water to 'em, and you can feed them three times a day by the clock."

"Yes; but that clock's no good to keep time. She's bully on the strike, Jack, bet your boots; but when it comes to keepin' time she won't pin herself down to it. You'll have to let her make the music, and buy another one to keep time."

"But if I buy the hogs, and *spotted* hogs at that, I'll have no money to buy another clock."

"Well, now, maybe you can fix our clock so she can keep time; *maybe* you can."

"It might be done," said Jack, reflectively. "What did you fellers do to her when you took her to pieces?"

"Weh, Jack, I'll tell you." Here he put one grimy fist in his pocket, and, after a few moments of serious and reflective fumbling, produced among a handful of dirt, strings, pins, and buttons, three little tarnished brass cog-wheels.

"You see we got her together all right, only there was five more of these than she needed; so at first Tom and Bill took two apiece, and only give me one. But when you told us you had pitched into old Cohen, the boys called me out and 'vided up better for fear I'd tell you, and that's how I got three."

"Well, well, Johnny, you nearly ruined the clock, though."

"Not much; bet your boots, we made her strike, Jack."

"Well, well, well," said Jack, smiling more and more, as he recalled, with fatherly pride, all the methods the boys had used for his deception. "Well, well, *well*, if you fellers keep on you'll make first class *liars* after a while." He meant lawyers, but would have sworn he could not see the difference, even if one had corrected him.

Jack was often troubled in his mind about Johnny's laziness, and sometimes rallied him on the subject.

"I'm afraid you don't like work, Johnny," he would say.

"Bet your boots."

"What! don't like work?"

"I 'spise it."

"How are you going to live without work?"

"What you got to do, you can't work for me?"

"Of course I can work for you, now you are small, but after awhile you will be a man, and get married, and have children; what'll you do then?"

"Why, Jack, I'll keep you right along. I won't throw off on you 'cos you're old. I guess you can work after you get old, can't you? Some mans does."

"Yes; but suppose I take a notion to get married myself, and have some more children to support; then you'd have to make your own living."

"If you was mean enough to do that I'd kill you, sure. I'd bust your crust quicker'n lightning'. I'd—I'd—I'd give you a *leetle* the hottest time you ever heard of, bet your boots."

The other children shared Johnny's feelings on the subjedt of their father's second marriage. It was only a short time before that some thoughtless fellow had stopped with them all night, and by playing on their feelings had found out their repugnance to all thoughts of Jack's marrying again. So he told them there was a widow woman living on the old Harbin Road that was sweet on Jack and advised them to look out for danger in that quarter. They looked out as the sequel shows.

The next evening after this precious piece of news, when Jack swung his mules from the main road and dashed to the barn in a sweeping trot, with harness rattling and bells jingling, not a boy met him: everything was silent. He was frightened instantly, and leaving the team standing, he sprung from the seat and rushed into the house. No, not into it, for at the threshold he encountered three little savages, armed with clubs and pitchforks, who demanded of him an explanation concerning his matrimonial intentions. In vain he tried to waive the question and pass into the room. Little Thermodyke stood grimly defiant. The tears that washed clean channels down their dirty faces were no augury of weakness, but the reverse. Jack knew his boys were never fighting mad until they reached the blubbering point.

"Come now, boys, let Pap alone, won't you?" He called himself by this endearing epithet only in extreme emergencies, such as administering medicine, etc.

"*You* 'Pap,'" said Tom; "durn such a Pap as you are, a tryin' to bring a woman here to pound daylight out of us."

"Why, Tom, what are you talkin' about? Don't you know you wouldn't have the kitchen work to do if you had a nice stepmother to do it for you?"

Here every club was raised, and they made a rush for his shins. He avoided them, and they resumed position in the door. Jack had hard work to keep from laughing at the picture they made; their round eyes peering savagely through their unkempt forelocks, like so many pup terriers; the determination they evinced—"sand," he called it, in speaking about it to the Widow Cramer afterward. His inclination to laugh was supplanted by another and better feeling. Their antagonistic attitude caused him to look at them with the eyes of his observation opened, and he saw what handsome, manly fellows they were, and what a pitiful appearance they presented in their dirty, neglected condit on. A pain shot through his heart with a thought of the sweet mother who could never, from her high home, reach them with needed help.

"Boys," he said, "I never had a serious thought of marrying before, but, durn my hide, if I don't think it would be the best thing I could do."

"Then you ain't goin' to marry her, are you, Jack?" asked Tom, ignoring the latter half of his father's remark.

"No; not if you don't want me to."

"Well, we *don't* want you to." Blubbered out with intense vehemence.

"Well, then, I won't."

"Honest injun?"

"Yes; honest injun."

"Will you cross your heart?"

"I will *that*," suiting the action to the word.

And so ended the second edition (diamond) of the Pass of Thermopylæ; and 60 seconds afterwards no one could have told that a people had seceded, a battle been fought, and a victory gained on that piece of ground. The combatants were swarming about the wagon, whooping like savages; swarming over the hay, trying to feed the mules; swarming on the mules' backs, and, by reason of their ubiquity, appearing to be about 30 boys instead of three.

In course of time Jack bought some hogs, spotted ones, and not too big. The barley had to be carried to them from the stable and the water from a running spring close by. The new tin bucket was bought, and the lazy boy installed in his position. Jack did not hope much from Johnny, but told the other boys not to interfere with him, and above all, not to do his work; for the hardiness of Tom and Willie had been a constant premium on Johnny's laziness. So Jack said to them:

"Now, don't you fel's take any notice of him; let him go it on his own hook; he'll do pretty well for a day or two, and then if he knocks off the hogs won't starve till I get home."

So Johnny began. He did well for several days. Jack made the next trip, and before undertaking another he was rained in, and the teaming season was over. Then he found a job of rough carpentering on a house abough eight miles away, and as he worked early and late he could go home only every Saturday night and spend Sunday with his boys. On his first visit, Johnny was still working with his hogs, but showed symptoms of weariness. On his second visit, he met the young man nearly half a mile from the house. It was then dark. He saw a little bundle of something sitting by the side of the road as he approached, and when it got up and took shape it was Johnny.

"Hello!" said Jack, "what's up?"

"Nut's up, Jack; if you want me to feed your durn horgs any more, you'll have to get some barley."

"Why, thunder and Tom Walker, I left enough barley to feed them a month; what have you done with it?"

Not a word from Johnny.

"Did somebody steal it out of the barn?"

"Course not."

"Did Smith's hogs get in and destroy it?"

"*Course* not."

"Did you boys sell it and buy something with the money?"

"COURSE NOT. You must be a durn eejot."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Saturday Night Twinklings.

Cincinnati Saturday Night.

A Russian sigh—Siberia.

The mad dog is an example of rabid transit.

Rayless dungeons are a relic of the dark cages.

Howell's leaving the *Atlantic* was entirely pacific.

A West End saloon-keeper calls his bar-tender Drum, because he is so spirit stirring.

The Governor of Wisconsin says to the other Governors, "Let every man pay for his own drinks."

He was fond of singing revival hymns, and his wife named the baby Fort, so that he would want to hold it.

Teacher—"What does it mean to say that a person takes the palm.'"

Boy—"It means that he "takes the cake."

A Boston young lady, who moved to a certain Wisconsin Town, is disappointed to find that the young men of whom she is most Fond du-lac culture, and she is going back.

Barn Burning Propensity.

Among the insane convicts in the Eastern (Pa.) Penitentiary is a middle-aged man who has a propensity for burning barns and houses simply because he thinks that no one is entitled to have more property than himself. Recently one of the Inspectors was engaged in conversation with the incendiary and inquired his name. "Well, sir," replied the convict, as he pressed one of his hands against his forehead as if to refresh his memory, "you have got the best of me. I did have a name once—I think it was Jack—but the fact is I am now too miserably poor to have a name. But, sir,"—and there was a look of earnestness in the man's eyes—"I wish you would please inquire among those who know me, and if you can find out what my name is tell me. It's frightful to be without a name."

FEMININE POLITICS.

What Mrs. Spoopendyke Learned Concerning the Deadlock.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, holding a piece of lace to her overskirt and wondering whether she had better plait it on or full it; "my dear, who is this Congressman, Lock who has just died?"

"What Congressman Lock?" asked Mr. Spoopendyke.

"Why, I read in the paper this morning that they couldn't do any business because of the dead Mr. Lock. Did you know him?"

"That ain't a Congressman," said Mr. Spoopendyke. "You read that there was a deadlock in the Senate. Wasn't that it?"

"Yes, and I read it all through, and when I found that Mr. Conkling felt so bad about it, I thought Mr. Lock must be a Congressman."

"No, he isn't either. The deadlock means that the Democrats and Republicans can't agree."

"Good gracious! Have they had another falling out? I shouldn't think the Republicans would fight the poor Democrats any more. What have they been doing now?"

"They haven't been doing anything. Sen. Mahone, of Virginia, went over to the Republicans, and—"

"I see," interrupted Mrs Spoopendyke, "and Mr. Conkling won't have him confirmed. Though I can't understand why they should interfere with Mr. Mahone's religion. If the poor man wants to join the church I—"

"Who wants to join the church? Who's a church? Think Mr. Conkling's a bishop? Got an idea he's an altar? S'pose he's a dod gasted chapel with ivy all over him, a spike fence and a chime of bells? It's Stanley Matthews he don't want confirmed."

"I read about him, too," rejoined Mrs. Spoopendyke, "He's Mr. Garfield's Collector, isn't he?"

"No, he ain't. That's Judge Robertson, Mr. Garfield wants Judge Robertson for Collector, and Mr. Conking is opposed to him."

"I don't see why he should be. Though of course I should suppose Mr. Garfield would rather have a man like Mr. Mahone, who is going into the church."

"Where's your sense?" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "What d'ye want to mix things up for? Trying to make a grab bag of prominent Americans? Stanley Matthews is candidate for Judge. Mr. Mahone is a Senator, and Robertson is appointed Collector, but, like Matthews, hasn't been confirmed. Can you see through that?"

"Of course, I understand that, but I don't see any excuse for fighting the Democrats, unless they think that Mr. Robertson would collect money from Mr. Mahone, and Mr. Matthews would send him to jail. In that case it—"

"In that case it would take you to straighten 'em out!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke. "What're you trying to get up now, an idiot asylum? Are you planning for a murder and trying to get up an insanity plea? What d'ye think Robertson's going to collect, hens? Got a notion that Matthews is a penitentiary, sitting around to be leased out? Imagine Mahone to be the National debt? Well, they ain't, they're men, I tell ye. Men with legs," and Mr. Spoopendyke kicked out both his own foothandles by way of illustration. "Conkling is opposed to Matthews and Robertson. He says they shan't be confirmed, but he is a friend of Mahone."

"That's what I didn't see," said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I am glad Mr. Mahone will be confirmed, though I don't care for Mr. Matthews and Mr. Robertson. It will teach them to repent their sins and not fly into the face of Providence. I'm glad Mr. Conkling is a good Episcopalian."

"Oh! he's a prayer book!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You've found him out! You've got him! All he wants is a red cushion and a rack nailed up in front of him to be a dod gasted mourner's bench! Didn't I tell ye he was a Senator? Do you know what a Senator is? It's something shaped like a pie, a measly pie! Understand it now?"

"And is Mr. Mahone a Senator, too?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, a new light dawning upon her.

"No, he ain't a Senator!" grinned Mr. Spoopendyke, "he's a lightning rod to keep howling idiots from falling overboard. Begin to see into it? And they want him confirmed, so if he finds any dog gasted old female named Spoopendyke slopping into a canal, he'll slam a church on top of her! Got the idea?"

"Upon my word, my dear," remonstrated Mrs. Spoopendyke, "you talk extravagantly. Mr. Mahone may fight Democrats, but he would never go around throwing churches at women. I don't know Mr. Mahone, but I don't believe he would do a thing of that kind. As for Mr. Matthews and Mr. Robertson, they know their business best, but if they have abused Mr. Conkling, I would never read one of Mr.

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FOR THE LADIES.

Marriage keeps men out of mischief; so does a ball and chain.—*Philadelphia News.*

The Philadelphia *News* says a man should always be polite to the minister who married him. Any other treatment might be misconstrued.

When you say that a girl's hair is as black as a coal it is just as well to specify that you do not mean a red-hot coal.—*Washington Republican.*

A New London concern proposes to attract trade by exhibiting a genuine Bernhardt stocking, if they can find a cane small enough to stretch it over.

King of the Cannibal islands—Yes, you are rightly informed. Boston girls have good taste, but we shan't send a lot of 'em to your country.—*Boston Post.*

"But, Miss Tomkins, do tell me now how old you are?" "Oh! but I don't tell my age any more; I'm just as old as I look—there!" "Indeed, I thought you much younger."—*Paris Figaro.*

Mrs. Garfield, who speaks French and German fluently, is said to be the first President's wife able to talk with foreign diplomats in the court language of Europe. Her husband is also accomplished in German and French.

Nine billion pins were sold in this country last year, and the young gentleman who got his arm entangled around a lady's waist, swears that he knows where they all went to.—*New Haven Register.*

There was a young man on the railway,
Who courted a girl in Sedalia;
Her dad cut up rough,
And said in tone gruff,
If you don't keep away, I will whale ye!"
—*Wit and Wisdom.*

A Chicago editor advertises for a wife who knows less than he does. And if a woman is fool enough to answer the advertisement, she will be very sure to be the one he is looking for.—*New Haven Register.*

Now the husband, still a lover,
And his wife, so tried and true,
O'er the dying fire hover,
Listening to the wind outside,
And with smile and cheerful laugh, he
Calls her "Sole of his soul,"
Till he rakes her, through his "taffy,"
Bring another hod of coal.
—*Bloomington Eye.*

"What's the difference between a man going to Plymouth Church and a lover about to propose?" asks the Boston *Courier*. "Don't know."—*Boston Post.* "Then you had better go back to school. One is going to woo Beecher and the other to beseech her." *Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Put away her little seal-skin,
Hang it up behind the door,
All her days of Winter pleasure
And of sleigh-rides are o'er;
Give her time to look about her,
And the situation grasp;
Spring is here, and soon her molars
Through the stiff ice-cream will rasp.
—*Detroit.*

An unmarried woman thinks it is unbecoming for a married woman to flirt, while a married woman cannot abide flirtation on the part of a giddy girl. A man takes higher ground. He is willing that women, both married and unmarried, shall flirt so long as he can flirt with him. The practice only becomes shameful when indulged in along with other men.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Labouchere says: "An English lady, accustomed to traveling abroad and able to converse fluently in the language of the countries she visited, recently found herself alone in a railway carriage in Germany, when two foreigners entered with pipes in their mouths, smoking strong tobacco furiously. She quickly told them in their own language, that was not a smoking carriage, but they persisted in continuing to smoke, remarking that 'it was the custom of the country,' upon which the lady took from her pocket a pair of gloves and commenced cleaning them with benzoline. Her fellow passengers expressed their disgust at the nauseous effluvium, when she remarked that 'it was the custom of her country.' She was soon left in the sole possession of the carriage."

The following is a pen picture of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts: She is tall and graceful, and has dark-brown hair and hazel eyes. Her energy and vitality are extraordinary, and when she is well she defeats her age by twenty years. Her hands are very small and delicate, and have been modeled as specimens of perfect beauty. She usually dresses in dark velvet or silk of a well-chosen and subdued color. She wears no head-dress in the morning, but in the evening she is to be seen in an Angot cap. She has an abundance of most rare and costly jewelry, but rarely makes any display of it on her person. Occasionally she wears a delicate claw, richly set, as a pendant to the gold chain around her neck. It was presented to the Baroness by Sir Garnet Wolseley, and she values it highly. The Baroness is a good horsewoman, and is fond of exercise, and she walks with an elasticity that many a younger woman might envy.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

It may be well to state for the information of amateur artists that plaster casts of royal personages are not made of court plaster.

One swallow does not make a Summer, but, says the Boston *Herald*, thoughtfully, a little repetition has frequently been known to make a hammer.

When steamboat passengers talk too much to the captain he can always find relief by shouting, "Man over-board!"—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Now, if it had been the King of Sweden instead of the Czar of Russia, we should not have been surprised. The King of Sweden writes poetry.—*Norristown Herald.*

Like Lawrence Barrett, Mary Anderson has scruples against playing on Sundays. The time, however, is generally utilized in traveling to the next Town.—*N. O. Picayune.*

The Chinese professor at Yale had one student last year. The student progressed so favorably that by the end of the season he was able to enjoy reading his first tea chest.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

When a member, in the course of a long speech yesterday, called for a glass of water, a member sitting near exclaimed sotto voce to his neighbors: "This is all contrary to the laws of mechanics—a windmill running by water!"—*Hartford Courant.*

"The Servants," Materfamilias (finding the new nurse busy in a sensation novel)—"Surely, nurse, you can't nurse baby and read at the same time?" Nurse—"Oh, Lor', yes, 'm. She don't disturb my reading a bit, 'm!"—*London Punch.*

"That is probably the oldest piece of furniture in England," said a collector of antique curiosities to a friend, pointing to a venerable-looking table as he spoke. 'How old is it?' asked the friend. "Nearly four hundred years." "Pshaw, that is nothing. I have an Arabic table over two thousand years old." "Indeed!" "Yes; the multiplication table."

Alas, too true! Young Blenkinsop—"Father, I intend to be a minister when I get through college. What do you think of Unitarianism? Blenkinsop pere—"Well, my son, your good figure would take well in any church; but as for Unitarianism itself, you might as well try to run a circus without a clown as a church without a devil."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A short-hand competition was recently opened in England, the system being Pitman's, and the object to inscribe as many words as possible on one side of an English postcard, the writing to be legible to the naked eye. The first prize in this competition was awarded to G. H. Davidson, chief shorthand and correspondence clerk to Peek, Frean & Co., whose postcard contained 32,923 words, including the whole of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," an essay on John Morley, and half of Holcroft's "Road to Ruin," or, say, sixteen columns of the *World's* type like this.

Fra Roces, the celebrated but eccentric preacher of Naples, once scared his congregation in the most beneficial way. He preached a most tremendous sermon on the inevitable consequences of a sinful life. His hearers were in a convulsion of excitement with the blazing picture of a sulphurous retribution before their imaginations. All at once he stopped in the very midst of an eloquent appeal and cried out, "Now, all of you who sincerely repent of your sins, hold up your hands." Every hand in the assembly was up in an instant. The preacher looked upon the scene for one awful moment, and then addressing the higher powers exclaimed: "Holy Archangel Michael, thou who with thine adamantine sword standest at the right of the judgment seat of God, hew me off every hand which has been raised hypocritically." In an instant nearly every hand dropped to its owner's side.

Grateful Women.

None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women. It is the only remedy peculiarly adapted to the many ills the sex is almost universally subject to. Chills and fever, indigestion or deranged liver, constant or periodical sick headaches, weakness in the back or kidneys, pain in the shoulders and different parts of the body, a feeling of lassitude and despondency, are all readily removed by these Bitters.—*Courant.*

Correspondence.

NEW YORK LETTER.

How the Winter has Left the Watering Places—The Streets—The Vexed Question.

Corespondence of the Toledo Blade.

NEW YORK, April 2.

The March gales have hardly blown themselves out before people begin to visit their favorite seaside loitering places to see in what condition the Winter has left them. Along the coast from Barnegat to Fire Island come dismal stories of the ravages of wind and sea. A long section of the famous iron pier at Long Branch whs swept away by the last storm. Ocean avenue, which runs along the summit of the bluff, and where Gen. Grant used to air his fast horses in the palmy days of the "Branch," has had great gaps cut across it in many places. The bluff itself is crumbling away Winter by Winter, and the bulkheads put up at great cost do not prevent it from slowly but surely being washed into the sea.

Coney Island, New York's nearest beach,

LOOKS A WRECK

from end to end. A visit there one pleasant afternoon a few days ago showed that the seaside had attractions already. Along the two or three miles of beach in the center of the island groups of people were scattered over the sands. In sheltered places children poking after shells and digging sand as contentedly as though it was July. True, there were only hundreds where the Summer brings thousands, but there were enough to give the big reaches of sand a black fringe of life. The big hotels, the Manhattan, Brighton and Oriental, look rusty and weather-beaten and dismal, with their hundreds of shuttered windows and wreck-strewn lawns. The long piazzas fronting the water are closely boarded up, else in a storm they would be washed by the surf. In front of the Manhattan Beach Hotel the wreck was complete. The beautiful lawn of made ground had huge hollows, where the earth had been washed out through the heavy bulkhead of timber and stone. The ever-*green* and shrubbery, which last Summer made the lawn the delight of thousands, were washed out by the roots. In place of the neat concrete walks there were deep gullies cut in the loose soil. The big band-stand from which Levy used to dispense his cornet solos was moored securely by long cables. Planks and beams had been sawed recklessly about over the flower beds, or rather where the flower beds had been. The Marine Railway, a full-fledged railroad running between Manhattan and Brighton beaches, was

ENTIRELY SWEPT AWAY.

Where the cars used to run 10 or 15 feet above high water, one cannot walk now except at ebb tide, and every rise of the tide threatens to sweep away the undermined depot. The damage to the Manhattan beach property alone cannot be repaired for less than $100,000. But what is that sum to a first-class hotel here, when a hotel of lower grade in announcing its rates for the coming Summer puts its cheapest pigeon-holes of rooms up under the fancy-gabled roof at $5 a day.

Thrown upon the beach and slowly settling into the sand, was part of the hull of the Italian bark "Ajace," the story of whose wreck attracted so much attention a short time ago. The "Ajace" had just arrived off the coast after a long voyage, and being caught in a storm of sleet and snow, her Captain was unable to find the Sandy Hook or Highland lights. Though but a few miles outside of New York harbor, he became bewildered in the fog and storm and tried to run ashore. In the darkness the vessel struck on Rockaway Shoals, only a mile or two off Coney Island, and directly in front of the life-saving station. Here she was at the mercy of the breakers, and the next day when the wreck was discovered there was but one man left out of a crew of 15. Most of them were Italians, and rather than risk a death by drowning several of them cut their throats, not knowing that help was close by. The man who staid by the vessel was the only one saved. At low tide the bronzed captain of the life saving station pointed out to me the hulk lying on the shoals off shore, with the wreckers busy upon it. The portion ashore was black with relic runters, who clipped off pieces of the planking and split up the cabin doors for mementos. Next Summer some enterprising fisherman will probably bring the rest of the hull ashore to be used as an "attraction."

STREET CLEANING.

If New York is not now the dirtiest City in the world, it soon will be under the present system. As an instance of its efficiency, a week ago Sixth avenue was cleaned for the first time in months, dirt being carefully scraped up into heaps. In that shape it remained for the next five days, being run over by butchers' carts, bakers' wagons and venders' waguns, and picked over by rag pickers and junk men. It was washed down by the rain and scattered by the wheels of vehicles, till when the carts of the street cleaning department came to collect it half of it was spread over the street again. This, remember, was on one of the thoroughfares; the side streets are totally neglected and are in a disgraceful condition. The cartoons in this week's number of *Harper's Weekly* hardly exaggerate the actual appearance.

The street-cleaning bill now before the State Legislature, which gives the Mayor full control of the matter, and makes him responsible for the condition of the streets, was drawn up in deference to the wishes of the taxpayers of New York as expressed at the Citizen's Mass Meeting, some time ago. If it is considered the best thing that could be devised for the purpose, it is really too good a bill, for there is already a fight over the spoils to be derived from the new system which will probably kill it. The possession of a few petty offices is considered of more account than the welfare of the City. No system of street cleaning will ever be a success as long as politics control every appointment from the Superintendent of the Bureau to the lowest scavenger. Mayor Grace has done the right thing at last in preferring charges against the Police Commissioners. He charges them with having failed to cause the streets to be properly cleaned, or the ashes, garbage, rubbish and sweepings to be removed; with not properly enforcing the Sanitary Code, and with negligence, extravagance and inefficiency in office, and with being unfit to hold said office longer. There will be a lively exposure of the methods and manners of the Bureau when the case of the accused Commissioners is heard on April 12. The Grand Jury brought in a presentment against them also, and there is some chance of their being called to account.

THE VEXED QUESTION.

There will be a fight in the Legislature over the reconsideration of the resolution requesting the confirmation of Judge Robinson as Collector. It was rushed through last week by the "Half-breeds" and found their opponents napping. The "Stalwarts" will make battle to have it rescinded as soon as possible. There was a gathering of the clan at the Fifth Avenue Hotel to-day, Vice-President Arthur and Sen. Platt came on from Washington, and Gov. Cornell came down from Albany. Postmaster-General James was already here. Of course it was said that such a meeting of the friends of Sen. Conkling had but one object—to prevent the confirmation of Robertson. There was a good deal of talk about Gov. Cornell being in favor of Judge Robertson's confirmation, as he wishes to be renominated next year for Governor, and knows the support of the anti-Stalwarts is necessary to success, but one of his intimate friends pronounced it "nonsense." "This is an issue between the Stalwarts and the 'Half-breeds,'" he said, "those who have the running of the machine and those who want to have the running of it. The Grant Stalwarts of the machine faction claim that their hearty support of the President last fall saved him from defeat in New York, and say that he cannot well afford to ignore them. Just how far they mean to proceed in the Robertson matter I do not know."

The Cabinet was represented in New York yesterday by three of its leading members, Secretary Windom, Attorney-General MacVeagh and Postmaster-General James. Sec. Windom came on expressly for a conference with leading bankers and Wall street men in regard to the refunding of the maturing bonds. The Secretary, to all inquiries, said he was strictly in search of information and could not tell what measures would be taken until after the next Cabinet meeting. KELP.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Battle in the Senate.

WASHINGTON, April 5.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

The irritable condition of the Democratic leaders in the United States Senate will probably account in part for the tall lying which continually disgraces that body. The country looks on in amazement but remembers that passion clouds the mind and deprives it of the full possession of its faculties. Then, lying done in the interest of a political party has a conceded license of which these leaders appear to avail themselves to the fullest extent. Lord Macaulay tells us in his History of England that in the quarrels between Catholicism and Protestantism the authorities of the Catholic Church refused to reprove or punish crimes committed in the interest of the Church, but sometimes openly and always secretly encouraged them. So, in the present high-toned condition of the Democratic party if its interests demand bulldozing and murder in the South they also demand lying in the Senate and the Senator that can lie most plausibly, naturally stands strongest with his constituents. Hence the competition between Hill, Lamar, Butler, Hampton, Jones, Jonas and others. No doubt they have commended themselves to the enthusiastic approval of their constituents; but if either has won any particular distinction above the rest, it must be Sen. Hill, of Georgia. Hear him:

"The charge that the Democratic party in the South desires, by force or fraud, or intimidation, or by any other means to obstruct the amendments to Constitution or prevent the enforcement of the laws which guarantee equal rights to all men without regard to race, color, or previous condition, *is utterly untrue.*"

This, however, is only a specimen of the denials which every Southern Senators feels bound to make in order to cover up the iniquities by which 10 or 12 of shem hold their seats. One crime calls for another. The thief could not appear among honest men if he did not deny his theft. There are twelve volumes published by Congress, filled with the details of the cruelest and most infamous persecutions and murders ever committed in a civilized age, under the midnight operation of the Ku Klux; but how can Senators who hold their seats through the terrors thus inspired, allow the truth to be spoken without putting in a denial? If they will steal their seats they will keep up a brisk fusilade of lying to maintain the validity of the theft.

But what makes this new outburst of Democratic falsehood necessary is the testimony of Sen. Mahone's position. He comes from one of those implicated States. He is claimed to be a Democrat. All the fierce denunciations poured on him by Sen Hill and the other Democratic chieftains are grounded on the charge that he was elected as a Democrat, and is therefore a deserter, to be shot down. But, if he is a Democrat, and from one of the leading States connected with the rebellion, what is the significance of his resolutions that he stands for a *free vote and a fair count?* Gen. Hancock made the same declaration, but it disturbed nobody. Everybody knew that it was simply bait to catch gudgeons. But when Mahone makes it there is something in his manner and acts that seems to show that he is in earnest and means what he says. Hence his conduct implies what the Republicans have charged, that false voting and false counting are rampant in all the South.

No wonder, then, that the position of Sen. Mahone has been such a stumbling block to the Southern leaders and their Northern allies, like Voorhees. It says to them much more emphatically than words could say it, that they have been deceivers, that they have stolen their seats, that they have lied about the canvass, that there have been cheatings and false countings, and that these things must be stopped. It says also that he is to head a party that stands for honesty and equal rights. A party—not in the North where there is no such cheating—but a party in the South, where the Ku Klux did their bloody work, where the Mississippi plan prevails, where ball-dozing and tissue ballots have filled the Senate with Bourbons. It says to them: If I am a Democrat, I am, nevertheless, a deadly foe to all dishonesties in elections, and propose to give every man a fair chance, and to act with those who will stand by the right.

It is easy, therefore, to see why the Southern leaders are excited and why they should egg on Voorhees to insult and browbeat the new Senator from Virginia. They began with obstruction for the purpose of retaining a few officers and keeping them in pay; but there are some who see that they are fighting, beforehand, a campaign not yet opened, that they are shaping the State contest that is to take place next November in Virginia, and that all of this feud and fraud and belittling and degrades the Senator, has a more important significance than appears upon the surface. No wonder there is such an exhibition of passion!

The obstruction business is simply disgusting. The Republicans have the right to elect their officers on precisely the same grounds conceded to them in the formation of the Committees; but it is not so important a matter as to call for a contest of endurance and will not, I think, be allowed to stand in the way of public business much longer. The Democrats have the power to obstruct and if it pays they can keep doing it, just as has been done in England, till special rules were contrived to prevent it and to give back the power to the majority. But it is not a matter of any great importance to either party and the Republicans can afford to be liberal. BUCKEYE.

Ireland.

To the Editor of the Blade:

In your issue of the 3d inst. an article appears in regard to contributions for the relief of Ireland. In a measure your advice and remarks are true and good, especially as far as collecting money for revolutionary purposes is concerned, which we object to. The so-called Fenian raids of John O'Mahoney, O'Neill, and all such, we do not tolerate. Appeals are often made to us here, for relieving the suffering or aiding a cause that we are ashamed of. But we must say that one is made now by the most law-abiding people in the world who would stand the pressure without complaint to the last moment. We conduct attribute the cause of all the trouble to anything short of misgovernment. Imagine a landlord charging two pounds sterling per acre for his land and then road taxes and poor rates paid after that, and he and his family absenting themselves from this estate for three years, taking off the rents to foreign countries, living in high life, and his tenantry at home in want of the necessaries of life, without industry or any circulation of money on his estate or mode of living for his people whatever. There is no account of him until it comes to his agent and bailiff to collect the rents or eject the tenants. As our American friends here say, it is a shame for the British Government and a scandal to be called an Irishman, when our relatives are thus used. It is inhuman that such a state of affairs is allowed under any administration. We say give half equality to them. The Government or Griffith's valuation is all they demand of a reduction. It is all the land is worth, and this will settle all. All lovers of justice should demand it.

A. NEBRASKA SUBSCRIBER.

FIGHTING WOMEN.

Instances Showing that Valor Has No sex.

Notes and Queries.

Female soldiers have been more numerous in foreign armies than in the English service. I may mention a few. In the French army, for instance, there were (among others) Louise Houssaye de Bannes, who served from 1792 to 1795, and was at Quiteron; Angélique Brulon (*nee* Duchemin, for she was married), sous Lieutenant of infantry and *decorée* with the Legion of Honor, who was born in 1772, and died, I believe, in the Invalides, about 1859; Thérèse Figueur, who served as a dragoon for 14 years, from 1798 to 1812, and had four horses killed under her; she died in 1861, at the age of 87, in the Hospice des Petite Ménages, at Paris; Virginie Chesnières, who served during the Peninsular War as a Sergeant in the 27th Regiment, and died in 1873. Louise Scanagatti was a Lieutenant of infantry in the Austrian or Sardinian army during the Napoleon wars. Marietta Giuliani and Herminia Manelli fought under Garibaldi in 1866; Herminia was at the battle of Custozza. Augusta Kruger fought in the War of Liberation against the French as a subaltern in the 9th Prussian Regiment, and was *decorée* with the Iron Cross and the Russian Order of St. George; she (after leaving the army) married a brother officer in 1816, and in 1869 her grandson received a commission in his grandmother's regiment Bertha Weiss is said to have fought at Spicheren in 1870, but I am not sure that her case is genuine. The most recent instances I know of are the following three: "A young Russian officer," (her name is not given), whom the *Times'* correspondent, on September 29, 1877, reported to have fallen at Kacelyevo, after displaying the most brilliant gallantry in rallying her men against the Turks; Sylvyo Mariotti, a private in the 11th Battalion Bersaglieri, who served from 1866 to 1870, and who fought at Custozza; and Dolores Rodriguez, Corporal (at the age of 18) in the 1st Regiment of Peruvian Sappers. She, it appears, fought in the present South American war, and is still in service

Des Moines (Iowa) State Register.

We notice the following in an exchange: Mr. G. B. Haverer, foreman N. Y. & N. H. B. Co., suffered for eight days with terrible pain in the back, almost to distraction, until he heard of and used St. Jacobs Oil, one bottle of which cured him completely.

SOLD INTO SLAVERY.

The Way the Pauper Population of Hancock County, W. Va., is Disposed Of.

Cincinnati Commercial.

STEUBENVILLE, O., April 2.—Since the colored slaves of the South were given their liberty we imagined slavery was at an end. But in this we were deceived. A short time ago we heard of the way they disposed of paupers in Hancock County, W. Va., just across the river, and the custom struck us as so barbaric and unlike what should be the custom of a civilized people that your correspondent took the noon train for McCoy's, from which place we crossed the river into Hancock County. In slavery times there were very few slaves owned in that part of West Virginia, as it was so near both Ohio and Pennsylvania that they could easily make their escape to one of those States, in either of which they could find numerous persons who, thinking, like William Lloyd Garrison, that slavery is a sin against God and humanity, would willingly aid them in making their way North to the Canadas. To such an extent was this the case that there were few more, if any, slaves there in those days than there are now, the only exception being that now there are whites as well as blacks, with the former color largely in the majority.

At New Cumberland we found that for years it had been the custom to annually offer the paupers of the County for sale at public auction, the lowest bidder carrying off the prize, and often the lowest bidder is not able to care for himself and family, let alone any outsiders. The price bid, and which the County pays per year for the maintenance of its poor head, runs from $80 to double that amount, with very few at the latter price, the majority being at less than $160. This includes food, clothing and everything else except medical attendance. Occasionally the paupers fall into good hands, but more often into the hands of the "pauper shark" (who does not pretend to work, but lives off of what the County allows him and what work he can get out of his worse than slaves, whom he feeds just enough to keep life and body together), and then, truly, his, or her, life is a pitiable one.

At the sale a regular auctioneer is employed, and the bidding is generally very spirited, a father, brother sister or some other near relative being found bidding against the professional "pauper shark" for the unfortunate piece of humanity on sale.

About two years ago the good people of the County endeavored to have a Poor Farm established. They applied to the County Court, and obtained permission to put the matter before the people at the next regular election. This was done, and the Poor Farm carried by a majority of several hundred. It was then the Poor Board's place to purchase a farm in accordance with the wishes of the people. That body of men, elected by the people to carry out the laws and look after the County poor, rode around the County and looked at several farms; then they sat down on the project, and each year since has witnessed the sale of paupers at public auction. The Board is severely condemned by the people of the country for their action, as they justly should be

Accustomed as we are to seeing life in all its numerous phases, to witnessing the hardships week by week, your correspondent was shocked at seeing some of the victims of this barbaric practice, and hearing the tale of their misfortunes, finding old men four score years and upwards of age, who in times not long ago had been respected and tax paying citizens of this and other communities, now covered with rags barely covering their attenuated forms having nothing but a bunch of straw in a garret or an out-house to sleep on, subsisting on bread and water, with occasionally a bite of meat or a cup of coffee to remind them of better days gone by.

One old man, aged about 90 years, gave us his experience with one of the sharks spoken of above last Fall. He was compelled to sleep in a filthy outhouse, having nothing for a bed but a few old rags. He said his whole body was covered with filth and vermin, his legs being alive with wriggling maggots. He finally ran away to the house of a friend, who brought the matter before the Poor Board, and he was sold again, this time getting a better home. This same wolf in sheep's clothing is bidding for victims this year.

Another case, to which our attention was called, was that of an old man and his wife, the former about 85 years of age, and the latter about 90. The woman was blind. They also suffered indescribable agonies until finally, as they were coming down the walk one day, hand in hand, an old friend saw their owner, a woman, flourishing a whip over the head of the old man as he was trying to protect his wife. This case, too, was complained of by the friend, and they were again sold.

Another old lady, who was sold out of a good home into a place run by one of the "sharks" swooned away as soon as she was taken inside its doors. She knew what she could expect, and being unable to stand it, died at the thought of it. The above are only a few of the cases brought before our notice. Of the younger persons sold we need not speak—they in the eyes of their owners are lower than brutes, and are made to do the hardest and dirtiest work to be found. They are also bid in lower than the older ones, as their work is worth more than the revenue received from the County.

FLORIDA ELECTION FRAUDS.

The Rascality of the Bourbons.

Washington Dispatch to the Cincinnati Commercial.

Mr. Bisbee, of Florida, who will contest the seat of J. J. Finley in the next Congress, has just received a report from an attorney sent from here to take testimony in Alachua County. Since the homicide in Madison County Bisbee has not been able to induce any one down there to act for him, and was obliged to dispatch a man from here. Mr. Bisbee says: "The result has been the discovery in one precinct of frauds of a grave character. At Credonda, Alachua County, the judges returned Finley 104 majority. The investigation shows that on the face of the poll list there was 305 majority for Bisbee. There are 370 who say they voted for him, leaving 64 for Finley, which is 12 more than they are ordinarily Democratic voters in the Precinct, but they are all given to him because it cannot be shown that he might not have had that many. The evidence taken shows that the Democrats built two walls 16 feet from the window, leaving room for a single line of voters to pass up to the ballot-box. Neither challengers nor Republican judges were allowed inside. At dark, under a pretense of a row inside among themselves, they put out the light and threw the ballot-box across the room. It was hunted up, after a while, and carried off, under the pretext that the counters must have supper before they did anything. They took the box away and fixed up the result to suit themselves. By such proceedings in Madison and Alachua Counties they cut down a majority usually 1,100 to about 100, and elected Finley, on the face of the returns, by some 900 majority."

Hugging a Delusion.

Buffalo Courier.

We of the Democracy have our own quarrels and jealousies; but they are now two years old and have spent a great share of their evil force. They have cost us the State election of 1879 and the Presidential election of 1880; are we so foolish as to endure any further political sacrifices to them? While our apponents nourish animosities more deeply rooted and destined to bear as bitter fruit, we may gain control of the State within the next two years and control of the nation within the four.

For Thirty Years.

I have beenafflicted with kidney complaints. Two packages of Kidney-Wort have done me more good than all the medicine and doctors I have had before. I believe it is a sure cure. So writes an old lady from Oregon.—*Salt Lake City Tribune.*

THE PALACE OF THE CZAR

And Precautions to Save His Life.

London Times.

The Winter Palace is a huge oblong building, five-stories high, and painted in a staring red brick color. On one side it borders a quay or the Neva, on the other it fronts the enormous square which is adorned with a monolith granite column erected to the memory of Alexander I. To the right of the Palace stands the Admiralty, and a little further on the same side the Barracks of the Chevaliers Gardes; to the left are the Museum of the Hermitage and the Imperial printing office. Facing the Admiralty runs the Newsdi Prospect, which is the principal thoroughfare in St. Petersburg, so that the Czar could see from his palace windows all the animation of the City. The Winter Palace is said to have cost hundreds of lives in the erecting, for when the old one, which stood on the same sight, had been burned, Nicholas ordered that the new one should be built within six months. This necessitated the employment of thousands of workmen day and night through the Winter, and many of these unfortunates were frozen. As fast as the lower stories were completed the walls were dried with roaring fires, while the works were carried on above; and the upholsterers and decorators had completed the furnishing of the principal rooms before the attics were roofed. Within 10 days after the workmen had left the building it was inhabited by the Czar and his Court; and Nicholas' first care on arriving was to go the round of the whole place with the architect and contractors to see that none of the work had been "scamped." Being satisfied with what he saw he paid the bill—about a million sterling—without a murmur.

It was in this palace, so strangely erected, that the late Emperor always spent the six Winter months; and before the Nihilist troubles began, the life he led there was a pleasant one. Alexander II., as above said, never affected the Spartan simplicity of his father Nicholas, who used to sleep on a camp bed, eat of the most frugal fare, and spend most of the time he could spare from State business in inspecting his soldiers. He (Alexander) was addicted to conviviality and home pleasures. He had a few very intimate friends—the Bariatanskies, Adlerbergs, Schouvaloffs, Blondoffs, and others—with whom he spent a good deal of his home, and from whom he heard all that went on in the world. Every evening one or other of these families attended the private Court dinner, and afterward charades or comediettas used to be performed either by the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, or by comedians from the French theater. During the daytime when it was fine the Emperor would take walking exercise in the public garden of the palace, the gravel walks of which were boarded over, and his only attendant was usually a big dog; or he would get into his sleigh and drive about the City without escort. Sometimes he alighted and walked all down the Newski Prospect, looking into the shops; or he would stroll into some friendly house and pay a visit. He was known to everybody, but it was not the etiquet to salute him, still less to accost him; unless he courted recognition by one of those good-natured nods of which he was never chary toward his personal acquaintances.

All this easy style of living, however, came to an end last year, and the precautions taken to guard the Czar made his life for a time absolutely burdensome. He was scarcely allowed to go out, and when he did so was closely followed by detectives with loaded revolvers and by an armed Cossack hetman, who walked beside him or sat opposite him in his carriage. The vehicle in which the Emperor rode—whether it were a coach or railway carriage—was cased in iron, and it had nothing about it to attract attention. Thus, in the streets, when several Court carriages passed together, the one which looked like the Czar's was never that which contained His Majesty; and, on the railroads, the most brilliant saloon car remained empty, while the Emperor traveled in what appeared to be a second-class compartment or carriage van. At one time the Czar was prevailed upon to wear a chain breast plate under his tunice, but though one of the lightest kind was made for him, he could not bear its weight, so the expedient was adopted of causing his tunics to be padded with cotton wool steeped in a preparation which hardened it, and rendered it, if not bullet-proof at least knife proof, and difficult for even a bullet to pierce at a long shot. An attempt was made some time ago to poison the Czar by sending him a petition covered with some noxious powder, since which he has ceased to receive letters, papers or petitions. For a similar reason he gave up smoking, though he used to like a cigar, and he drank no wine but from bottles uncorked in his presence. In the Imperial kitchen the Czar's food was prepared by a French cook, who plied all his vocations under the eyes of two police guards—not that the cook himself could incur any suspicion, but because some conspirator might have got at the ingredients he was preparing. The food was always cooked in the simplest way, without sauces, and it was tasted by two officials before it was served at the Czar's table.

A Porky Story.

Wall Street Daily News.

"On this day seventeen years ago," remarked a New Yorker the other day, "I shipped 1,000 barrels of pork to Washington. I was an army contractor, and wherever I heard of a barrel of pork I went for it, and bought it at some price. I remember this particular shipment because a serious mistake was made."

"How?"

"Well, I counted the barrels at the depot myself, and there were only 900 when there should have been an even thousand. Men were ready to roll the barrels into the freight-cars, and to make my number good I took ten barrels of lard from a stock ready to ship to Baltimore. They mixed in all right, and, of course, I expected to pay for 'em. A whole day went by before I saw the owner. These were stirring times, you remember. He had found himself short, and he cribbed ten barrels of beef to make good his number of barrels, and hustled the shipment away."

"And who did the beef man crib from?"

"Well, his beef was for the soldiers, and he made himself good by buying three barrels of vinegar, two of crackers, and stealing five barrels of apples from a lot in the depot."

"And did it go ony further?"

"Yes. The most curious thing of all was, that the man I took the lard from sued the man who stole the apples, and got judgment against him for the worth of the lard, and none of the rest of us were out a cent."

The Turkish Bath.

Lady in Hartford Times.

"Arrayed only in a sheet, I walked down a pretty back staircase, lighted by a stained window, to a pair of Fairbanks scales, situated in a room where those who had left the bath were lying to cool. I had the pleasure then, of being weighed by an attendant, and substracting one-half pound for the sheet, for once arrived at my real bona fide weight. Directed then by an attendant, who was enveloped in two towels gracefully pinned about her, I stepped into the first room of the process. The sheet was whisked off me from behind, and I found myself in the presence of some 10 or 20 ladies who paid no attention to me, or to each other unless they happened to be friends, but who appeared neither too nonchalant nor too embarrassed, and but simply natural, pure and matter of course."

As a purifier of the blood, Ayer's Sarsaparilla has no equal. It wonderfully improves the complection, and brings to old and young the bloom of health.

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REID AND SHERMAN.

Whitelaw Takes Exceptions to the Remarks of "Old Tecumseh" About His War Correspondence, and Asserts that He Was on the Battle-field at Pittsburg Landing as Early as Sherman.

NEW YORK, April 8.—The Tribune says: "Yesterday's dispatches represent Gen. Sherman as saying at the Army of the Tennessee meeting in Cincinnati, in the course of an effort to correct the popular judgment about Pittsburg Landing, that Mr. Whitelaw Reid's account of that battle was entirely untrustworthy, having been written at Cairo, and not on the field at all. It seems incredible that this report can be just to Gen. Sherman, for he knew better. More than once, of late years, in friendly conversation, Gen. Sherman has himself appealed to Mr. Reid, as an eye-witness of that battle for his recollections as to particular points. Mr. Reid went up the Tennessee River with Gens. Rawlins and Hillsrd, of Gen. Grant's staff, was all over the encampments of Pittsburg Landing and Crump's Landing long before the battle, and was more than once a guest in Lieut. Col. Kyle's regiment, of Gen. Sherman's own command. The day before the battle he was seriously ill and confined to his bed at Gen. Lew Wallace's headquarters at Crump's Landing. There Gen. Grant came in the evening and said that if an attack were made at all by the enemy, of which he was not sure, it would probably be made on the Crump's Landing front.

"The next morning Mr. Reid was waked by the firing at Pittsburg Landing, several miles above. Rising from his sick bed, he made the best of his way thither, arriving later than he wished, but still as early as the general commanding. He was then on the field throughout the disastrous day; he slept on the bluff under Beauregard's shells through the night; he witnessed the successful advance the next day, and that night slept with Col. Kuefler and others of Gen. Lew Wallace's staff in one of the tents to the right of Shiloh church, from which Gen. Sherman's men had been driven on the morning of the day before. He wrote his account of the battle partly on the field partly on the hospital boat going down the river, and partly on the cars between Cairo and Cincinnati.

"These are facts; they are facts all perfectly well-known to scores of eye witnesses, and of some of them it is impossible that Gen. Sherman should be ignorant. We prefer therefore to believe that the dispatches have grossly misrepresented the General's remarks at Cincinnati. If not, he spoke hastily and without thought, and we shall confidently expect from him that prompt and public correction which a gentlemen and soldier owes.

"The general question as to whether the Army of the Tennessee was surprised at the beginning of this battle is 18 years old. Naturally that army takes one view of it and the army which the next day came to its rescue takes another. Mr. Reid, as an eye witness, had the opinion generally held by the army of the Cumberland. He has never made any boasts about his story of the battle which it is now complained has become the accepted account, and he has no doubt that it must contain minor errors. He has not even seen it for 17 years. But he knows that it was an honest effort, made at the moment to tell all that one man could see of the battle, or learn in the 24 hours following it, and in view of the temper with which it is assailed by a small clique, he may be pardoned for suspecting that on the points in dispute the trouble which it is that it contains not too little, but too much truth."

THE PORK QUESTION.

A Letter from the United States Consul at Basle, Switzerland.

WASHINGTON, April 7.—Sec. Blaine has received from the United States Consul at Basle, Switzerland, a letter relative to the excitement about the importation of pork from America. Consul Massoll, after an investigation of the circumstances that led to the excitement in France and Switzerland, reached the following conclusion:

1. That the ostensible occasion for the agitation of this subject and decree of interdiction by the French Government was an outbreak of trichinosis in the family which was at first supposed to have eaten American pork, but it is now officially conceded the trouble was caused by the flesh of a newly-killed, home-bred pig which was eaten in said state. In some instances of recent occurrence, salt pork of alleged American origin found infested with trichinæ had been proven to have come from Germany, where, as is well known, trichinosis originated many years ago.

2. That there is no instance on record of any person in Europe being injured in health by eating hams or pork imported in a salted condition from the United States, the only danger from trichinæ being through eating hog's flesh in a fresh state, recently slaughtered, and imperfectly cooked.

3. That from the first of November, 1880, until the 15th of January, 1881, (two and a half months), 36,351,000 pounds of lard, and 137,987,500 pounds of hog flesh had been exported from the United States to Great Britain, where the official inspection of such imports is most rigid, and that in all this vast quantity no instance of insecurity or infection had been discovered.

4. That almost an authenticated instance of injury to human health by trichinæ have occurred in Germany, where fresh pork is sometimes eaten uncooked, and that no such danger has been incurred from eating salted and seasoned meats.

5. That during a period of two years the principal importers of American meats in the consular districts of Basle has had all such goods which were

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ventilate and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations, doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We earnestly request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always on separate sheets of paper. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

C. C. L., Hereford, W. Va.:
Brigham Young, the Mormon, is dead.

E. E. G., Bruin, Ind.:
We do not know the whereabouts of any of Charlotte Cushman's relatives.

Jas. W. Rhodes, Crisps, Ind.:
We don't know of any book of Prison Experiences having been published by Capt. Reed.

Subscriber, Hendersonville, Pa.:
Your question in regard to the Catholics and the ratio of their increase in this country cannot be answered until there are further returns from the census bureau.

H. W., Morrison, Colo.:
To which nationality does the greatest number of great men belong?

Pride in our country if nothing else, would compel us to say "American."

A. N. S., Waterloo, Ind.:
What are does a woman have to be before she can make a deed to real estate?

The age varies from 18 to 21 years, according to laws of the different States.

C. & F., Alfins, O.:
What parties elected Mahone, of Virginia, to the U. S. Senate?

Wm. Mahone was elected to the United States Senate by a Democratic Legislature.

R. A. M., Londonville, O.:
Once more, and it is to be hoped that this will be the last time we will be asked the question, we will say that Pres. Hayes never uttered or wrote, or caused to be written any such stuff as is claimed by the New York Sun editorial.

J. T. Palmer, Lyndon, Vt.:
Will you please inform me if there has been published the Electoral Commission of 1877, and if so, where they can be had?

Yes, they were published at the Government Printing House. Your member of Congress can undoubtedly procure you a copy.

R. H. P., Dillon, Ia.:
What was the diameter of the first cable laid between the United States and England that was operated? Also the material and size of the covering of said cable?

The cable is 2,286 miles long, and consists of seven copper wires, covered with four coats of gutta percha, between which are three layers of Chatterton's compound. The external protection is made of ten wires, each surrounded by manilla yarn.

Cotter, Frankfort, Ky.:
What is the amount of cotton exported from Great Britain each year?

The following will show the quantity and value of cotton piece goods of all kinds exported from Great Britain during each of the last three years:

	Yards.	Value
1878	3,618,073,520	£148,191,628
1879	3,724,648,832	46,875,098
1880	4,056,343,960	52,678,959

W. S. Parvin, Muscatine, Iowa:
I have heard it said that Pennsylvania has never lost its electoral vote, or that Pennsylvania has always cast the vote of the State for the man that was elected. Please answer, did not Pennsylvania cast her electoral vote for A. Jackson in 1824, instead of John Quincy Adams?

When the House of Representatives chose a President in 1824, no choice having been made by the Electoral College, Pennsylvania voted for Andrew Jackson, and John Quincy Adams was elected.

J. S. C., Batchellerville, O.:
Will you please tell me where St. Mark's square is?

The square of St. Mark is the great center of business and amusement in the City of Venice Italy, whose patron saint was St. Mark. It is 578 feet in length, 109 feet in its greatest width and 183 in its least width. It is bordered by arcades and surrounded by stately edifices, and contains the cathedral and the Doges palace.

Soldier, Bakerville, Iowa:
In case Gen Sherman dies will the position die, or will his successor be appointed by the President?

The law that created the grades of General and Lieutenant General provided that they should not survive the first appointees. But when Grant was elected President Sherman and Sheridan were promoted by act of Congress, the offices being continued. As the law now stands they cease with the occupancy of the present incumbents, but it will probably be revived for their successors.

Inquirer, Delta, O.:
Who were Damon and Pythias?

Damon and Pythias were two celebrated Syracusans, whose names are always joined as the types of true friendship. They were both Pythagoreans. Pythias was doomed to death by Dionysius, the elder, but requested to be temporarily respited in order to arrange his affairs, promising to procure a friend to take his place and suffer his punishment if he should not return. Pythias was allowed to depart, and Damon gave himself up to be his substitute. Before the time for the execution Pythias returned, and Dionysius set both of them free.

H. L., Appleton, O.:
What is silver worth by weight and size. 2. What was the biggest lump ever obtained? 3. What is all the silver worth?

1. An ounce of silver is worth $1 04; a pound (16 ounces) $16 80; a ton (2,240 pounds) $37,632. A cubic inch is worth $11; a cubic foot, $19,008; a cubic yard, $513,216. 2. The largest nugget yet obtained was produced in Arizona, and weighed 19,350 ounces valued at $21,800. 3. The amount of silver in existence in the shape of coin, bullion, watches, jewelry, and other ornaments, is estimated to be $5,300,000,000, which if melted into one mass, could be contained in a cube of 63 feet.

Minnie S., Oak Ridge, Mo.:
1. What officer generally administers the oath to the President at his inauguration and who administered it to Mr. Garfield? 2. Where can I get the book entitled "Uncle Tom's Cabin?" 3. Does the Cabinet advise with the President separately, or in a body? 4. Are the members of the Cabinet entirely under the control of the President?

1. The Chief Justice of the United States. Chief Justice Waite performed the duty at Garfield's inauguration. 2. If your bookdealer has not the book in stock, he can order it for you. 3. In matters of moment the President consults with the members of the Cabinet assembled together. 4. The President appoints the members of his Cabinet, and the appointments are confirmed by the Senate.

Horseman, Toledo, O.:
To decide a dispute, please give the list of horses who trotted in 2:23 or better during the season of 1880.

The list is as follows, with name of horse, place, time and record:

Maud S., ch. m., Chicago, Sept. 18.....2:10¾
Hattie Woodward, b. m., Buffalo, Aug. 7.....2:21¾
Tarrana, b. m., Boston, Sept. 7.....2:19¾
Piedmont, b. h., Chicago, July 21.....2:21¼
Kentucky Wilkes, blk. h., Buffalo, Aug. 6.....2:21¼
Alexander (France's) (1), blk. h., Milwaukee, July 15.....2:21¾
Black Cloud, blk. h., Chicago, July 22.....2:21¼
Lady Rolf, b. m., Louisville, Oct. 5.....2:22¼
Lalma, ch. g., East Saginaw, June 18.....2:22¼
Hester, b. g., Rochester, Aug. 12.....2:22

D. A. R., Montgomery, Ill.:
What gave rise to the custom of coloring Easter eggs?

It is stated by some authorities that the custom of coloring eggs red for Easter was practiced by the Christians of Mesopotamia, and that the eggs were stained that color in memory of the blood of Christ shed at His crucifixion. The Romish Church adopted the custom, and regarded the eggs as the emblem of the resurrection. Among many non-Christian nations, as the Egyptians, Gauls, Persians, Greeks and Romans, the egg was regarded as an emblem of the universe and the work of Deity. The fact is the origin of the custom is lost in the obscurity of the ages, and no one can point exactly to the time or place when it began.

Fannie Jones, Oakland City, Ind.:
Why is Ireland called the Emerald Isle?

The name was given to Ireland on account of the peculiar bright green look of the surface of the country. It was first used by Dr. William Drennan, (1754-1820) author of "Glendalloch and other poems." It occurs in his poem entitled Erin.

"When Erin first rose from the dark, swelling flood,
God blessed the green Island; he saw it was good;
The Emerald of Europe, it sparkled, it shone,
In the ring of this world the most precious stone.
* * * * * * * * *
"Arm of Erin, prove strong; but be gentle as brave,
And, uplifted to strike, be ready to save;
Nor one feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause or the men of the Emerald Isle."

Scribo, Ayersville, Mo.:
1. In the war of the Rebellion how many soldiers were there on each side? 2. How do you pronounce Russia? 3. For what year did Gen. Grant first draw $50,000 salary as President? 4. How is Boers pronounced?

1. There never have been any collated statistics of the Rebel forces, but substantially every able-bodied man in the South was in the field. The whole number of men called for by the United States Government, as shown by the records of the War Department, was 2,759,041; number furnished, 2,666,999, (equivalent to 2,-165,000 reduced to a three years' standard). 2. Give "u" the short sound, as in "Bun." 3. The law raising the salary of the President of the United States went into force on the 4th of March, 1873. 4. About the nearest pronunciation that can be given is as though the word were spelled "boors."

Inquirer, Carthage, Mo.:
Will you please give me the names of the members comprising the following Senate Committees: 1. Foreign Relations; 2. Finance; 3. Appropriations; 4. Commerce; 5. Indian Affairs; 6. Pensions; 7. Improvement of Mississippi River:

1. Foreign Relations—Messrs. Burnside, Conkling, Edmunds, Miller, Ferry, Johnston, Morgan, Hill (Ga.), and Pendleton. 2. Finance—Messrs. Morrill, Sherman, Ferry, Jones (Nev.), Allison, Platt (N. Y.), Bayard, Voorhees, Beck, McPherson and Harris. 3. Appropriations—Messrs. Allison, Logan, Dawes, Plumb, Hale, Davis (W. Va.), Beck, Ransom and Cockrell. 4. Commerce—Messrs. Conkling, McMillan, Jones (Nev.), Kellogg, Conger, Ransom, Coke, Farley and Vest. 5. Indian Affairs—Messrs. Dawes, Ingalls, Saunders, Logan, Cameron (Wis.), Coke, Pendleton, Walker and Slater. 6. Pensions—Messrs. Teller, Platt (Conn.), Blair, Mitchell, Edgerton, Groom, Slater, Jackson and Camden. 7. Improvement of Mississippi River—Messrs. Mitchell, Kellogg, VanWyck, Frye, Jones, Cockrell and Jackson.

G. O. V., Bedford, Iowa:
Who was Tasso?

Torquato Tasso was born at Sorrento, March 11, 1544, and was the son of a noted Italian poet, Bernardo Tasso. He wrote verses at the age of seven years, and before he was 18 published at Padua a poem entitled "Rinaldo," which procured him the patronage of Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, who was his warm friend until he discovered the poet making love to his sister, when he sent him to prison. Tasso escaped and afterward returned to become reconciled to his patron, but the Duke sent him to an insane asylum, where he remained seven years. When Clement VIII. ascended the Papal chair he called the illustrious poet to Rome, intending to confer upon him the Crown of Laurel in the Capitol, but before this was done Tasso took sick, and died April 25, 1595. His remains were interred in the Church of St. Onuphrius, where a monument was erected to his memory. His best works, which have been translated into English, were "Aminta," "Jerusalem Delivered" and "Jerusalem Conquered."

L. T., Bement, Ill.:
What is the origin of the term "Boycotting," and what does it mean?

The term originated in Ireland last Fall during the Land League troubles. Capt. Charles Cunningham Boycott, a landlord at Lough Mask, who leased a farm from a landowner, evicted two tenants, members of the Land League, who refused to pay their rent, acting under instructions from the League. Thereupon the entire neighborhood took up the matter, turned against Boycott and did everything in their power to prevent him from getting his crops harvested. They all combined against him and harrassed him in every possible way, even attempting to take his life. Since then "Boycotting" has been used to signify a combination of people against an individual to ruin him, or to force him to change his views to accord with what they think he should do.

D. A. R., Ohioville Pa:
Please give me some facts about the area and population of Russia, and also the time when the late Czar ascended the throne and how long his predecessors reigned.

The area of the Russian Empire is 8,331,004 square miles. The population, including Poles, Finns, Caucasians, and Asiatics, is 85,685,945. The area of Russia proper is 1,881,216 miles, and the population 65,704,559. No other country in Europe has as large a territory or as many inhabitants. The late Czar ascended the throne March 2, 1855, after the battles of Balaklava and Inkerman, and in the midst of the siege of Sebastopol. His reign was exactly 26 years and 11 days in duration. His father, Nicholas, reigned 30 years (1825-1855), and his great-uncle, Alexander I., 24 years (1801-1825.) There have been but three Czars of Russia in this century. Alexander III. now on the throne, was 35 years of age last week Thursday; and will, unless he meets an untimely end, live to complete the century in four generations. The last Czar of Russia who met his death at the hands of an assassin previous to the late Emperor was Paul, the son of the famous Catherine (1796-1801). Spite of the repeated attempts upon the lives of the rulers of Russia, the average length of reigns in that Kingdom has been greater than in most other countries of Europe.

B. F. L., Douglass, Ill.:
1. Who are or what is meant by Nihilists? 2. Why was the Czar of Russia assassinated?

1. It is impossible to state who the Nihilists are, as even the authorities cannot discover that. They form a secret society in Russia, having emissaries in all parts of the world, and are comprised, it is thought, of people of the lower orders, also a number of noblemen are suspected of sympathizing with and aiding them if they do not really belong to them. They maintain that the present system of government in Russia is wrong from the very foundation and they claim that it is their mission to revolutionize the system and bring about a state of affairs that will not enable the nobles to exert they power they now possess. It is in furtherance of this that the many attempts have been made upon the life of the Czar. 2. The Nihilists believed that Alexander II., the Czar of Russia, was to a great extent responsible for the condition of affairs in that country and thought that by assassinating him they could frighten his successor, by means of his terrible fate, into according to their wishes, and have already threatened the life of Alexander III., unless he inaugurates a policy different from that of his father.

Reader, Humboldt, Iowa:
What is the proper method of determining the size of a book—whether it is a quarto, octavo, etc.?

Paper molds have fixed, conventional sizes, but since the introduction of machines for making paper, and the consequent disuse of molds, makers work more by a given number of inches than by names of sizes. Consequently the correct description of book sizes has become impossible, and the trade describe the new by the names of the old sizes they most resemble. To determine the real size of a bound book, find the signature (a letter or figure at the bottom of the page), and count the leaves, not pages; to the next. A further test is the binder's thread, in the middle of the sheet; the number of leaves from each thread to the next will give the same result. But these rules do not apply to old black-letter books and those of the 15th and 16th centuries, in which the most satisfactory test is the water mark. The folio and quarto sizes, originally adopted from the largeness of the types in the infancy of printing, are now generally restricted to works of bulk, as dictionaries and other books of reference. The size of a printed book is named from the dimensions of the paper, and the number of leaves into which it is folded. A folio is a book made of sheets of paper each folded once; a folio volume is one formed of sheets folded so as to make two leaves. A quarto is a book of a square, or nearly a square form, corresponding to that formerly made by folding a sheet twice. An octavo is composed of sheets folded so as to make eight leaves, indicated usually 8vo.

R. C. L., Richland Center, Wis.:
Will you give some particulars in regard to the Warren Hastings trial? Did it take place in England? What was his offense and who were his opposers?

Warren Hastings was, in 1769, appointed a member of the Council at Madras, having previously lived in India, in the employ of the East India Company. In 1773 the English Parliament enacted that the Chief of the Presidency of Bengal should be styled Governor General of India, and that Hastings should be the first Governor General. The vast territory over which he ruled was composed of new conquests; the English were few in numbers, and their supremacy was constantly endangered by the native powers. It was to the administrative talents and unwearying constancy of Hastings through all these dangers that established the British Empire in India. He was unscrupulous, resolute, and apparently cruel; he perhaps depopulated whole Districts by his exactions, and committed acts of signal injustice, but he was successful. He defeated opposition in the Council, and destroyed his Indian foes. Notwithstanding the fact that he was not sustained by the home administration, he ruled with almost absolute power until 1785, when he resigned and returned to England, where the opposition in Parliament, led by Edmund Burke, introduced a resolution for an inquiry into his conduct but the proceedings did not commence until 1786, when Burke brought forward his articles of impeachment, which charged him with numerous acts of oppression, with desolating whole regions of British domain with peculation and corruption, with exciting useless wars, and with various acts dishonoring the British name. The trial began in Westminster Hall, February 13, 1788, Burke, on the 15th, opening with a speech which lasted three days. He was assisted by Fox, Sheridan, Grey and Sir Phillip Francis. On the 73d day of the trial Hastings began his defense, which lasted until the 148th day, and on the 23d of April, 1795, he was acquitted of all the charges by large majorities, the case having consumed seven years.

L. M. C., Thornburg, Ia.:
Please give the name of each Senator, his State and politics.

The following list shows the Senators, their States and politics, and time of expiration of term, those re-elected with a star, the letter "g" signifying a party gain.

ALABAMA.		MISSISSIPPI.	
1883. John T. Morgan, D		1883. L. Q. C. Lamar, D	
1885. Jas. L. Pugh, D		1887. J. D. George, D g	
ARKANSAS.		MISSOURI.	
1883. A. H. Garland, D	1885	1885. George D. Vest, D	
1885. J. D. Walker, D		1887. F. M. Cockrell, D*	
CALIFORNIA.		NEBRASKA.	
1885. J. T. Farley, D		1883. Alvin Saunders, R	
1887. John T. Miller, R		1887. C. VanWyck, R	
COLORADO.		NEVADA.	
1883. H. M. Teller, R		1885. J. P. Jones, R	
1885. N. P. Hill, R		1887. Jas. G. Fair, D g	
CONNECTICUT.		NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
1885. O. H. Platt, R		1883. E. H. Rollins, R	
1887. J. R. Hawley, R g		1885. N. W. Blair, R	
DELAWARE.		NEW JERSEY.	
1881. Eli Saulsbury, D		1883. J. R. McPherson, D	
1887. T. F. Bayard, D*		1887. Wm. J. Sewell, R g	
FLORIDA.		NEW YORK.	
1885. Wilkinson Call, D		1885. Roscoe Conkling, R	
1887. Chas W. Jones, D		1887. Thos. C. Platt, R g	
GEORGIA.		NORTH CAROLINA.	
1883. Ben. H. Hill, D		1883. M. W. Ransom, D	
1885. J. E. Brown, D		1885. Z. B. Vance, D	
ILLINOIS.		OHIO.	
1883. David Davis, I D		1885. G. H. Pendleton, D	
1885. John A. Logan, R		1887. John Sherman, R g	
INDIANA.		OREGON.	
1885. D. W. Voorhees, D		1883. L. Grover, D	
1887. Ben. Harrison, R g		1885. J. H. Slater, D	
IOWA.		PENNSYLVANIA.	
1883. J. D. McDill, R		1885. J. D. Cameron, R	
1885. W. B. Allison, R		1887. J. I. Mitchell, R g	
KANSAS.		RHODE ISLAND.	
1883. P. B. Plumb, R		1883. H. B. Anthony, R	
1885. J. J. Ingalls, R		1887. A. E. Burnside, R*	
KENTUCKY.		SOUTH CAROLINA.	
1883. J. B. Beck, D		1885. M. C. Butler, D	
1885. J. S. Williams, D		1885. Wade Hampton, D	
LOUISIANA.		TENNESSEE.	
1883. W. P. Kellogg, R		1883. I. G. Harris, D	
1885. B. F. Jonas, D		1887. H. E. Jackson, D	
MAINE.		TEXAS.	
1883. Wm. P. Frye, R		1883. Richard Coke, D	
1887. Eugene Hale, R		1887. S. B. Maxey, D*	
MARYLAND.		VERMONT.	
1885. J. B. Groome, D		1885. J. S. Morrill, R	
1887. A. P. Gorman, D		1887. G. F. Edmunds, R*	
MASSACHUSETTS.		VIRGINIA.	
1883. George F. Hoar, R		1883. J. W. Johnston, D	
1887. H. L. Dawes, R*		1887. Wm. Mahone, I R	
MICHIGAN.		WEST VIRGINIA.	
1883. T. W. Ferry, R		1883. Henry G. Davis, R	
1887. O. D. Conger, R		1887. J. M. Camden, D	
MINNESOTA.		WISCONSIN.	
1883. A. J. Edmunds, R		1885. A. Cameron, R	
1887. S. J. R. McMillan, R*		1887. P. Sawyer, R	

Republicans, 37; Democrats, 37, Independent Democrats, 2.

Information Wanted.

Joe Higginbottom, Letartfall, O., wants the address of F. B. Helwig and I. P. Grosvenor, Co. E, 34th O. V. I.

J. A. Shukers, Independence, Montgomery Co., Ks., wants the address of Frank H. Seidell, formerly of Toledo.

E. A. Smith, Lamar, Barton Co., Mo., wants the address of Dr. Chase, who was Surgeon of the 16th Ohio Vol. Inft.

J. W. Ryan, West Elkton, Ohio, wants the postoffice address of John Ryan. When last heard of he was in Cincinnati.

B. F. Sumption, of Jerusalem, Monroe Co., Ohio, wishes the address of Mary Jane Barber, formerly of Rickory Co., Mo.

J. Garvin, Havensville, Ks., wants the address of G. W. Garvin, who was last heard from at War Eagle Mills, Ark.

Townsend Jackson, Dunkirk, O., desires the address of Capt. Wm. S. Cains or any officer or comrade of Co. C, 12th U. S. Col. Inft.

C. Mater, Ashkum, Iroquois County, Ill., wants the address of G. Cady Root, formerly of England; last heard of at Iowa City, Ia.

Mrs. Dr. E. York, Towerhill, Shelby Co., Ill., desires to know the whereabouts of her son, Charles Berry York, who left home September 23, 1880.

Wm. G. Livesay, Mt. Vernon, Ill., desires to know where Dr. Birkhead, Assistant Surgeon of Hospital No. 8, New Albany, Ind., in 1862, is to be found.

Conrad Fisher, Onage, Pottawattamie Co., Ks., wants the address of Capt. Joseph M. Stanley and Quince Bruce, both members of Co. C., 18th Mo. Vol. Inf.

S. B. Calhoun, Burnside, Clinton Co., Ind., wants the postoffice address of Thomas McCaulay, Second Lieutenant, Co. G, 16th Regt. Wisconsin Inft.

Eliza Darnell, Iola, Clay County, Ill., wants the address of Alonzo Darnell, who when last heard from was in Uvalde, Uvalde County, Tex., two years ago.

Joseph Cronkhite, Henderson, Knox Co., Ill., wants the address of Capt. John Creagan, or Wm. Kramme, Second Lieutenant Co. A, 22d Ohio Inf. Vet. Vols.

C. S. Baxter, Keystone Furnace, O., wants the postoffice address of Maj.-Gen. B. M. Prentiss, of the late war, and also Capt. Noble, Acting Quartermaster at Helena, Ark.

Z. L. Cotton, P. M., Rocky Comfort, Ark., wants to ascertain the whereabouts of any of Co. B, 6th U. S. Cavalry, (regulars) who served during 1861 or 1863, if any are alive.

Mamie Fare, Delphos, Ottawa Co., Kansas, wants the address of S. Kunkel, last heard of in Humboldt, Humboldt Co., Nevada, and J. E. Kunkel, last heard from at Silver Reef, Utah.

Lester Beebe, [Coryville, McKeen Co., Pa., wants the address of Capt. Ring, Lieut. L. Carrier, Sergt. John Conkling, or any one who belonged to Co. A, 11th Penn. Volunteer Cavalry.

W. R. Caton, Winfield, Cowley County, Ks., wants to know the present whereabouts of John W. Snyder, a private of Merrill's Horse during the war, and at the time of his enlistment a resident of Hardin, Calhoun County, Ill.

William Coffman, Columbia, Marion Co., Ioa., of the 108th Illinois Vol. Inf., would like the address of Dr. Johns, and also of Dr. Walters. They were acting regimental surgeons of the 108th Ill. Vol. Inf., in 1863, at Fountain Head, in Tennessee.

Will any person who knows the address of Dr. Rawdon Arnold, formerly of Armada, Mich., later of Missouri, please send his address to Box 112, Armada, Mich? When last heard from he was in California. There is news of deep interest for him.

Philip Lowery, Brownville, Nemaha County, Ks., wants to find out where a Mr. Dr. Miles is, if living, and his first name and the regiment to which he belonged. Dr. Miles relieved Dr. John Taylor, of the 3d Missouri regiment of the Cavalry Volunteers between the 1st of February, 1863, and March 9th, 1863.

W. A. Haines, Fairmount, Mo., desires the address of two soldiers, I think, of the 47th and 49th Ill. Vol., who brought from the woods on Meridian campsign two soldiers (one an Indian and the other a white man) and a negro man, all of whom were sick with the small pox. Also the Corps Surgeon of the 17th Army Corps.

James D. Smith, Malta, Cloud Co., Kansas, would like the address and name of the Regimental Surgeon that was with the 41st Ohio Veteran Infantry Vols. during the Fall of 1864 and just before the battle of Nashville. Also, the address of privates Robert Bellard, John Wilard, John Wyant and Joseph Underwood, all of Co. F, 41st Regt., Ohio Vet. Inft. Vols.

Gilbert Smith, Swanton, Ohio, wants the address of ——— Baker, who was Assistant Surgeon of Stanton Hospital Ward 9, Washington City, in the Summer of 1864. Perhaps July, August, September and October. "I was wounded on the 31st of May, in the abdomen. The ball punctured one of the intestines, and through the skill of Dr. Baker it was healed. While it was open many samples of the contents were saved for scientific purposes. Any soldier or attendant who was there and remembers this unusual occurrence, will please write as above."

Information Furnished.

ROACHDALE, IND., March 29.
Ed. Correspondents' Column.—If Frank Hutchins, of Hutchison, Kana., will write, he will find S. B. Sweeney at Roachdale, Putnam Co., Ind. E. H. EPPERSON.

WAVERLY, IA., March 29.
Ed. Correspondents' Department.—I notice in your paper of March 24 an inquiry for my address by L. L. Hannan, of Rutland, Dane Co., Wis. My postoffice address at present is Waverly, Iowa. You have my permission to publish my name and postoffice address in your paper for the benefit of any ex-soldiers who may desire to know my whereabouts.
JEROME BURBANK, (late Surgeon.)

KEOTA, IA., March 25.
Ed. Correspondents' Department.—Dr. N. E. Trarer's address is Vinton, Iowa.
MRS. E. A. H.

Delayed Subscriptions.

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

If J. H. Smith, Fairview, will give his full address, the error will be corrected.

Will Blair Stevens, who complains of not receiving his book, give his full postoffice address?

Letter containg $1.25, signed E. Kinney, no postoffice, County or State.

If G. W. Kridler, Marysville, will give his full Postoffice address, the complaint will be looked up.

Letter containing $1.10, dated Lancaster, no County or State, signed Geo. D. Utt.

Letter containing $1, dated Hanover Station, Union Pacific Railway, no State, signed W. J. Nevins.

If Mrs R. A. Tennant, Caledonia, will give her full Postoffice address, the complaint will be looked up.

Will Peter Shirtz, San Juan, give his full Postoffice address, and the matter will be adjusted at once.

If J. E. Morrison will give his full Postoffice address the error he alludes to will be corrected.

Letter containing $1.60 for Blade and book entitled "Lacy Lenora," signed J. C. Beeson, no Postoffice, County or State.

NORTHERN AFRICA.

Scheme to Rejuvenate an Old Country.

New York Times.

One of the most interesting sections of Lieut Commander Gorringe's paper before the American Geographical Society, on Friday evening, consisted of a brief description of the plan entertained by European Governments, particularly those of France and Italy, of rehabilitating the narrow tract of Northern Africa lying along the Mediterranean Sea, which was once the cradle of the highest civilization. Here is the famous coliseum of Tisdra; here stood the three Cities that formed the ancient Tripolis—Sabrata, Oea, and Leptis; and here were the five Cities of the ancient Pentapolis—Berenice, Arisnoe, Ptolemais, Apollnoia, and Cyrene. Here were the fabled gardens of the Hesperides; here, near Berenice, ran through caverns underground the river Lethe; and here, at Cyrene, an ancient health resort, was the fountain of Apollo, noted for the healing virtue of its waters. The proposed inland sea will occupy a considerable part of the great valley that lies between the two eastern spurs of the Atlas Mountains, an area of 3,000 square miles of which is believed to be below the level of the sea, although this our explorer could not verify for want of instruments of precision. It is a vast basin, smooth and slate colored, without visible undulation, devoid of vegetable life, and overhung morning and evening with a thick mist, desolate and oppressive, but weird and fascinating as the terrible landscapes of a quidine dream. Ages ago, Commander Gorringe thinks a congeries of lakes extended along this valley from the Gulf of Gabes a distance of 250 miles to the westward, and a river-bed will probably be discovered by some fortunate explorer which once received the drainage of the eastern water shed of the Atlas range, and supplied the evaporation from what was once the flooded area—estimated to have covered 5,000 square miles. This is not the view, however, of engineers commissioned by the Government of France to explore the tract. They believe that, instead of a congeries of fresh-water lakes, this depressed area is the bottom of an ancient estuary of the Mediterranean, which, by an upheaval of the coast, was cut off from the main body, and gradually dried up. In opposition to to this theory stands the facts that the northern coast of Africa has with historic times, been constantly sinking instead of rising, and that no record or tradition of such a convulsion exists. The actual distance from the Gulf of Gabes to the nearest of these depressions is 102 miles; the mean depth of the basin below the sea level, 80 feet; the estimated cost of the work, $500,000,000, which Commander Gorringe believes will never be invested in an enterprise whose utility is so dubious. For opinions differ not only as to the feasibility of cutting such canal, but also as to the value of the results. Although it would ameliorate the trying climate of Southern Tunis, with its extremes of from 29° Fahrenheit at 3 o'clock in the morning to 86° at noon; although all the soil needs for fertility is water, as is evinced by the presence of an oasis wherever there is a running spring, and although the enterprise would create a valuable water-way to the southern Provinces of Algeria, yet the end to be gained is scarcely commensurate with the outlay. M. de Lesseps has visited the region, and the canal would probably have been commenced two years ago if his attention had not been attracted to the proposed Panama cutting. He regards the plan as feasible, notwithstanding the fact that the proposed route traverses miles of quick sands in which whole caravans are some times engulfed by untrained guides. It is evident that Commander Gorringe, whose ability as an engineer is beyond question, did not form a very favorable opinion of the inland sea project from his own exploration of the country.

A Summer Resort for Hebrews.

New York Mail.

It is reported that wealthy Israelites have purchased a tract of land lying along the beach between Rockaway and Far Rockaway, where they will establish a watering place exclusively for their race. The announcement directs attention again to the action of the proprietors of several prominent Summer hotels who have excluded Jews from among their guests. If a Hebrew resort is established at Rockaway, it will be the result of the discrimination against Jews which has caused so much commotion within the last few years. But will a watering place exclusively for Jews be successful? It is doubtful if the sons of Jacob really wish to separate themselves from other people and seek pleasure at a resort to which no Gentile is welcomed. It is certainly not desirable to have a separation of races, socially in the United States. The theory of the Republic is that all nationalities are to here be transformed into one, and that all our inhabitants shall be known as Americans, dropping all the distinctive characteristics of the nations from which they come. The Jews may not become Americanized as readily as Germans and other nationalities, but in time the American civilization will absorb even them. They are not excluded from many Summer hotels, and they are welcome patrons of most watering places. It is not desirable to have them separate themselves from other people, either in business or pleasure. The new Summer resort, exclusively for their race, will perhaps prove that they do not wish to be separated.

WARRANTED the greatest pain reliever in the world, Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment. Thirty-four years established, and never failed to cure crup, spasms, colic, chronic rheumatism, old sores, and pain in the limbs, back and chest. Over 500 physicians recommend it, and 1,000 certificates can be seen at the depot, 42 Murray street. No one has once tried it but continues to use it and recommend it to their friends. Ladies will find this Liniment will immediately eradicate Pimples, Freckles and Blotches. Also restores Gray Hair to its natural color, and is perfectly harmless. 25 and 50 cents per bottle. Sold by the druggists.

The man who will invent a door that can't be left open and can't be slammed will win not only a fortune, but the thanks of millions.

FREE 25 Imported useful Household Articles for Samples and Agents catalogue for a 3c. stamp to pay postage and packing to all those who mention the paper. London Importing Co., 23d St. & 3d Ave., N. Y.

THE MEAT SCARE.

American Mutton in a London Court—Over Fifty Carcasses Seized and Condemned for Their Peculiar Appearance and Odor.

London Times.

At Marylebone, Norman Hayling, of 16 William street, Lisson Grove, was summoned by the Sanitary authorities of Marylebone for having in his possession unwholesome carcasses of sheep in preparation for sale. Mr. W. E. Greenmell, Solicitor, appeared for the Marylebone Vestry; Mr. Ricketts, Solicitor, defended. It was shown that on passing the defendant's premises on Saturday afternoon, a Police Sergeant noticed a very unpleasant odor. He saw the Sanitary Inspector, who paid a visit to the shop and found 55 carcasses of sheep, most of them in a wash-house, in a state that led him to judge that they were unfit for food. They were moldy inside and emitted a fetid odor, and some joints in the shop smelt very bad. He seized it all and had it condemned by the magistrate. Mr. Winter Blyth, medical officer of health for Marylebone, saw it on Sunday morning and stated that there was no question about its being unfit for food, though there was no disease about it. For the defense, Mr. Ricketts urged that these carcasses had been seized and condemned through the ignorance of the parish officers. The carcasses of sheep were sent over from Boston in ice, which considerably altered their appearance, and from being closely packed they emitted a slightly fetid odor when unpacked. This, however, all went off when the carcasses and joints were properly washed. Hundreds of tons of American meat were being daily sold in London, and it would be an evil day when that supply was stopped. Two wholesale dealers from the Metropolitan Meat Market stated that it did not require any judge to tell the difference between American mutton and English mutton, and that the former always had a fetid odor about it until it was washed. Francis Asbury, the consignee of meat sent from America, said the defendant had refused to give him 5d a pound for there carcasses, and the argument was that he should pay him "market" price, or according to what use he could make of the meat. Three other witnesses deposed to having bought joints of meat of the defendant on Saturday which they believed were part of this consignment, and they described the meat as being very good. They paid 6½d to 8d per pound for it. Mr. de Butzon said it was immaterial whether the meat seized was American or not. The question was whether it was in such a state as to be unfit for food. If American meat soon became putrid after delivery, it was the duty of the person who had made a bad bargain not to try and recoup himself at the expense of the poor, who must be protected. He thought the bulk of this mutton utterly unfit for human food, and the sale of such stuff produced great mischief among those who bought it. There would be a fine of £26, with $5 17s costs, or two months' imprisonment in default of distress.

To One and All.

Are you suffering from a Cough, Cold, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any of the various pulmonary troubles that so often end in Consumption? If so, use "Wilbor's Pure Cod-Liver Oil and Lime," a safe and sure remedy. This is no quack preparation, but is regularly prescribed by the medical faculty. Manufactured only by A. B. Wilbor, Chemist, Boston, Sold by all druggists.

The New Pinafore.

The libretto of Gilbert and Sullivan's new comic opera has been read to the company that is to play it though Mr. Sullivan's share in the work is not complete. "It is," says a London journal, "intended as the final stroke to Mandie, Postlethwaite & Co. From what I hear, it is very entertaining and considered by all engaged to be the best piece of writing Mr. Gilbert has done. The libretto, it is said, is a development of the 'Bab Ballad' of the 'Two Curates.'"

Ask your druggist for Redding's Russia Salve. Keep it in the house in case of accidents.

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If you are young and digression or dissipation has ruined, or single, old or poor health or languishing, use Hop Bitters.
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If suffering from any indiscretion or dissipation, young, middle aged or old, use Hop Bitters.
Thousands die annually from some form of Kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of Hop Bitters
D

THE WEEKLY BLADE

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JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

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Circulation this Week, 75,000

NASBY IN EUROPE.

As heretofore announced, the Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby will shortly sail for Europe, and his series of letters to the Blade will commence early in May. As these letters will be published only in the Blade, and as the whole American public will desire to read them, we are making extraordinary efforts to accommodate our facilities to meet the great additional circulation that will in consequence come to us. Everybody not now taking the Blade should subscribe at once, as we will not be able to furnish back numbers. We are preparing to announce a very desirable short-time offer, including an elegant portrait of D. R. Locke, of same size, and equal in execution to the Garfield portrait we presented last year. Inasmuch as we cannot afford short-time subscriptions as low as yearly ones, we would suggest to the thousands that they come in for a year at our special offer, which will close with the last day of April.

Send the names of your friends who would like a specimen of the Weekly Blade.

It is said that Col. Thomas A. Scott, of Philadelphia, is worth about $20,000,000. But his health is hopelessly lost.

Italy has a society which was organized to prevent the exportation of children to the United States for begging purposes.

An agency for Dr. Carlin's Recipe Book, is valuable property. A postal card addressed to Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio, will bring you full particulars.

It is "mental strain," not typhus, that affects the Baroness-Burdett-Coutts. "Mental strain" is something that old women with young husbands are particularly liable to.

The resolution to submit to the electors an amendment to the Constitution of Indiana, so as to give women equal suffrage with men, passed the House at Indianapolis, Thursday.

The estimate of the number of persons killed by the earthquake at Scio does not seem to fall below 5,000, making the calamity terrible enough in its destructiveness to be long remembered.

Our cheap books are being rapidly exhausted. Send in your orders at once. We have determined to close out this branch of our business, and there never will be another such an opportunity for cheap books.

Twenty-four of the leading Republican papers of New York favor Judge Robertson's confirmation, and four oppose it. Boss Conkling does not seem to have the New York press under any sort of control.

One dollar and twenty five cents cannot be better invested than in a copy of "Bible Biography." It is a beautiful as well as useful book, and at the price put upon it by the publishers, $1.25, it is exceedingly cheap.

The famous copy of the Guttenburg Bible, the only one in America with the exception of the one in the Lenox Library, New York, was purchased at the Brinley sale, the other day, by Mr. Hamilton Cole, a lawyer of that City, for the sum of $8,000.

The Macdonald ministry in Canada seems to be growing unpopular. Several of its candidates were lately defeated at the polls, and so strong is the feeling that it is thought probable, if a general election should be held the party now in power would be defeated.

The widow of John Brown—Old John Brown, whose soul began a march at Harper's Ferry some score of years ago, to an eternal and ever increasing glory—is now poor, and is in Washington, asking some little office to provide bread for her few declining years. It is pitiful that she should even have to ask once for what should have been anticipated beforehand and provided for her.

We call attention to the advertisement in another column of the valuable book, "Bible Biography." It is a book which every Bible-reading family should have, and the price it is offered at, makes it a decided bargain. It is a beautiful as well as valuable volume.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

No change has taken place in the deadlock in the Senate since our last issue, save that there has been a general toning down of the violence in the debates, and a lethargic calm prevails in what has been a turbulent whirlpool of passion. Both Democrats and Republicans maintain their position firmly, and claim to be in constant receipt of exhortations from their constituents not to yield an inch. It looks as if it was now a question of physical endurance with both sides equally resolved to sit it out until next December, if need be. Acting on this supposition so many Senators have left for home as to leave a bare quorum for the last few days. There is nothing worth reporting in the proceedings. On Friday the Senate adjourned over till Monday, and upon reassembling there was hardly more than a pretense of keeping up a session.

It is hard to see how the deadlock can be resolved without some one dies or resigns, because both sides have placed themselves where a retreat is very difficult. Sec. Blaine, however, is reported to be sanguine of a solution of the difficulty this week, though he does not reveal what he bases his hopes upon.

The remains of ex-Sen. Carpenter reached Milwaukee on Saturday, where they were met by an immense throng. Sen. Conkling delivered them over to the Governor of the State, with a touching little speech, which was appropriately responded to. The body laid in state until the next day, when it was buried with impressive ceremonies, in the presence of a great multitude.

The disastrous floods in the Missouri Valley are subsiding, and showing a sickening scene of widespread ruin. Collections have been made in various places for the relief of the sufferers, and other means put in operation, but these can only skim the surface of the trouble.

The reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at Cincinnati on the 6th and 7th—the anniversary of the battle of Shiloh—was unusually well attended, and passed off very harmoniously, with the exception of an ill-judged assault by Gen. Sherman on the correspondents for their account of the "surprise" at Shiloh.

One of the most terrible things so far as loss of life is concerned, that has happened for a long time, is the recent earthquake shocks at Scio in the Grecian Archipelago, which killed 6,000 or 7,000 people, wounded a large part of the remainder, destroyed their homes and left thousands destitute. The island contained about 70,000 inhabitants. The first shock was felt on the afternoon of Sunday the third of April, and the houses began to fall immediately. After a terrible silence of some minutes, another came, and then they followed each other in quick succession, and have continued with more or less violence at intervals ever since. The scenes are described as terrible. Desolation reigns and 30,000 people are without shelter. The vessels of France, United States, Great Britain and Austria in the harbor, are doing all that can be done for the sufferers. English and American physicians are assisting in taking care of the wounded.

The trial of the Nihilists for the assassination of the late Czar of Russia, has terminated in their condemnation to death. Sentence was pronounced against them all last Sunday morning, including Sophie Perofsky. Her's, however, will have to be confirmed by the Emperor as she belongs to the nobility. The prisoners were allowed to speak in their own defense, but there could be little doubt of the result of the trial, as they made confession of their guilt, and so far from seeming to regret what they had done, gloried in the act and its successful accomplishment.

Difficulties have arisen between France and Tunis which may result in a war, judging from present appearances. The Khoumis, a border tribe of people, taking advantage of an old Tunisian law settled upon some land which had been sold to a French Loan Company. This was resented and an appeal made to the Home Government. The latter telegraphed to the Bey of Tunis that French troops would chastise the Khoumis and occupy the valley of the River Medjerdah. The Bey says he will not consent to this as he both can and will repress disorders upon his frontier without interference, and he will not answer for the consequences, if the French persist in their intention. The Italian Consul is said to urge the Bey to stand firm, and the probability of war has caused the falling to pieces of the Italian Ministry. The ultimate aim of France is probably to possess herself of Tunis as she did of Algiers. Meanwhile English residents in Tunis have applied to the English Government for protection. Whether the latter will allow itself to be drawn into the difficulty remains to be seen.

The terms of peace which Chili has dictated to Peru humiliates and impoverishes the latter to such a degree as to almost render it impossible for her ever to regain any degree of prosperity. The following are the conditions and they are so hard and show such a relentless spirit on the part of the Chilians as to win for the Peruvians the sympathy of the civilized world:

1. Cession of Antafagasta, Jarapaca, and Taena.
2. Indemnity for war expenses in full, including salaries of the army and standing army to be maintained in Peru.
3. Payment for ships and iron-clads destroyed in the war.
4. Indemnification for Chilians expelled from Peru and Bolivia.
5. Peru not to fortify her ports for 50 years, and to raise no army or navy for 40 years.
6. Chilian products to be received on terms of the most favored Nation.
7. Guano extraction from the Peruvian Islands to be conducted on account of Chili; proceeds to be divided between Chili, Peru, and recognized foreign creditors of Peru. The moiety of Peru to be retained by Chili until the war indemnity is paid.
8. Peru and Bolivia to be consolidated.

Mr. Gladstone has at last presented a land bill for the relief of Ireland which although it does not satisfy the Land League, yet promises a great reform. The Premier declares that it was the most difficult thing which he had ever had to do during the whole course of his long political life. Mr. Parnell, while he is not at all sure that the bill will work well, yet receives it in a moderate manner which promises that no great effort will be made on the part of Irish members to defeat it.

THAT "PEACOCK."

Carl Junction, Mo., April 2, 1881.

To the Editor of the Blade:

As an old-time subscriber, in fact one of the veterans, I think it my duty to take you to task. In your editorial in last week's Blade you ask, "What the peacock (Conkling) has done for the Republican party?" I think your strictures rather harsh. I have watcht his course for years, and believe him a power of strength for the party. The Democrats here say that he is the only man in his State that can beat them. I have noticed that when he takes no part in the canvass, there is not the interest manifested as when he does. Why was he chosen to the United States Senate a third time if he has no strength and amounts to nothing? Yours truly,

A Stalwart.

Our correspondent falls into a very common error in imagining that any one man is essential to a party, and especially to the Republican party. Parties are made up by uniting together hundreds of thousands or millions of men who agree upon certain fundamental ideas. It is consequently the ideas that make the party, and give it that cohesive force and attractiveness which holds its own forces together, and draws accretions of strength from elsewhere. Who plays the part of figure-head—or so-called "leader"—is of small importance. His faults may be a clog upon the party, and they very frequently secure its defeat, but his merits are of little value in securing its success.

For example: There were 555,544 Republican votes cast in New York last Fall. That is, the Republican party in that State numbers more than a half million persons. From the character of Republicans everywhere we know that these are, as a rule, intelligent, self-respecting, independent working men, who have only an abstract interest in politics. That is, they neither expect nor desire office, nor any other form of partizan reward. All their hopes and aspirations for advancement are directed to other channels, and their attention to politics is only that of good citizens anxious to have the best men in office, and the best policy prevail.

Is it not preposterous to assume that Mr. Conkling can exercise any direct control over this vast mass of men, each of whom thinks for himself, and scorns dictation from anybody? And if he were clothed with all the power it were possible to give a man the number is so great that he could not bring it to bear upon one in a thousand.

Let our correspondent arrive at a comprehension of this matter of "leadership" by a study of conditions obtaining in his own Village precinct, which are essentially the same that obtain everywhere else. There are, let us say, 500 Republican voters there. Of these perhaps not to exceed 25 have any personal interest whatever in politics. These are all who expect or get offices. They are not as a rule the best class of Republicans, because men of superior character and abilities can always do much better in something else than the pursuit of office.

The remaining 475 vote the ticket because they believe its success is desirable for the good of the country. In a local election they are largely influenced by the character of the candidates; in a general election hardly any, unless unfavorably, by the obnoxiousness of some person on the ticket. In a general election there are not perhaps more than 25 of these controlled by what the 25 professional politicians may say, do, or be. The mass of the voters have decided upon their course from information derived from the newspapers, from discussions among themselves, and from a thousand and one more or less occult influences. The least of these influences are the desires and efforts of the local "managers."

The shrewdness of these men lies in making-believe to manage. They adroitly put themselves on the crest of an advancing wave, and pretend to be the power which has roused the billows.

Mr. Conkling has shown special skill in this sort of posing. He has studied the art of assuming to hold the whole half million of voters of the State in his hand, to cast them as he pleased. Whenever there has been a tidal wave for the Republicans, he has, with the exception of last year, been among the first to note the troubling of the waters, and has hastened to place his personal bark where it would catch the earliest impulse of the tide that was to set on to fortune. His judgment has been equally good as to when it was going to be an "off year," then he has ostentatiously held aloof, as if he disapproved of something, when, in fact he was only selfishly avoiding a share in the defeat which a combination of adverse influences had in store for the party.

Last year his cunning charlatanism was at fault. In common with most calculating politicians he thought the Republican party's chances for success were desperate. Everything seemed against the probability of its being able to carry New York and Indiana. Mr. Conkling put himself in shape to gain *prestige* by this disaster. He made a few speeches giving a general support to Republican principles, but ignoring utterly the Presidential candidate, as if one whose leadership was so distasteful to him and so unfortunate in every way that he could not bring himself to advocate his election. If Gen. Garfield had been defeated the *prestige* of Conkling would have been immensely enhanced.

But he was not defeated. Instead of Conkling's lack of support having any depressing effect, it seemed to have the reverse, for the Republican vote in New York swelled from 418,557, in 1779, when Mr. Conkling's candidate was running for Governor, to 555,544, an increase of 136,979,—a most startling demonstration of the pernicious effect of Bossism. And though the Democratic vote rose from 375,790 in 1879, to 534,711 in 1880 the Republican majority was 21,033, where Tilden had carried the State in 1876 by 28,395.

Now the facts of that campaign are so plain as to be unmistakable to any one. We do not believe there are 10,000 votes in New York which are within the control of Mr. Conkling and his henchmen—that is, votes which they can give or withhold to any ticket which they may approve or disapprove of.

Beyond the men who are direct recipients of official patronage from Mr. Conkling, we do not believe that there are 1,000 who would be guided by his words and example as to how they should cast their votes. In 1879 there were 418-567 Republicans in the State whose attachment to the party was so great that they would vote for its nominees, even though the ticket were top-heavy with the weight of Mr. Conkling's selfishness. They would vote for any Republican nominee rather than a Democrat. But in 1880, when Republican principles were at stake, there were 136,979 more—over one-third as many as the entire vote for Cornell—rallied around the Republican flag and carried it through the election in triumph.

So far, then, from Mr. Conkling being "a tower of strength" to the party, he is an element of terrible weakness, which will certainly destroy its life unless his baneful power is destroyed. His methods and practices are repugnant to the last degree to every feeling and sense of Republicans; he has introduced into its organization that which was most hateful and obnoxious in the Democracy of other days, and he will poison its blood, corrupt its heart, and make it a thing despised and loathed by every decent man, unless he is curbed and repressed.

We have little to fear from the Democracy, which we can fight and conquer, but we have everything to dread from the growth of Bossism, which will rot the heart out of the party.

MR. BEECHER'S LAMBS.

One of those brilliant word-painters whom the Associated Press employs at the princely stipend of $15 a week to load the wires with the wordy dilutions of ideas, sends the following thrilling item to the press of the country:

New York, April 4.—A deep hush fell upon Plymouth Church and every ear was strained yesterday when Mr. Beecher said he would relate an incident which he had never spoken of before. He remarked, playfully, that he would now tell it confidentially. "There came to me," he said, "a member of my own church, the mother of a young woman, who said her daughter had become fascinated with the Roman worship and wanted to unite with that church. I said to her, "Tell your child to wait one year until her own mind and judgement are settled, and if, at the end of that time, she shall find that she is drawn nearer to God and to heaven through that church, let her come and we will take her by the hand and carry her to the door.' At the end of the year she was still anxious to enter that church, and I sat down and wrote a letter to an honored Catholic pastor of this City, and said, "This lamb has found greener pastures in your fields than in mine." She joined the Catholic Church, and is to-day a happy Christian girl in that communion." Any one could have heard a pin drop while Beecher was telling this, and there was what is generally called a "sensation." He added, "I'd do it again if necessary, for when I spoke of the unity of all that believe in the Lord Jesus Christ I meant it." I don't believe in external unity, but I believe in internal unity." In this connection the preacher also said, "I would rather ride in the most ragged third-class car that was ever put on the rail if it would take me nearer home than is the most luxurious car that was ever built, if it would take me further from home."

The man who wrote that is evidently training himself to write the long-looked-for "Great American Drama." He is cultivating a nice perception of dramatic effects. "A deep hush fell upon Plymouth Church, and every ear was strained.' How thrilling!

Now if the effect could have been heightened by turning down the foot and side-lights, with a thump on the bass drum, and a chord on the big fiddle, we would be in "a state of mind" for the entrance of the conspirators, or the fatal substitution of the forged for the genuine will. But nothing of this kind happens to harrow up our feelings. No muffled and mysterious figure enters with dagger,

> With blade, with bloody blameful blade,
> To bravely broach the boiling bloody breast

of his sleeping victim. Instead "Mr. Beecher said he would relate an incident." The horror will culminate in the "incident," when the kettle drums will rumble sympathetically; we shall have staccato notes on the violin, the dread stage thunder will roll, and the boy with the alcohol torch will flash the lurid lightning across the scene. But again we have all our "goose flesh" raised for nothing. "He remarked playfully that he would now tell it confidentially," etc., etc. And to this little twitter does all the preliminary thunder dwindle.

The story is substantially that some young maiden, with the capriciousness commonly ascribed to the feminine mind in its immaturity, yearned for a change of spiritual pasture, and Mr. Beecher, instead of having her jump over the fence, as she would inevitably have done, had he tried to restrain her, calmly accepted the situation, laid down the bars and gave her full permission to go and browse where her soul would find the most refreshing herbage.

Now we confess we can not see anything astonishing in this. It seems eminently sensible. What else was there for Mr. Beecher to do? The girl had long passed the age when all authorities agree that youths are to be allowed to elect their own methods of attaining salvation. She had the care of her soul—not Mr. Beecher. No one had a shadow of right to exercise the least moral restraint upon her choice of means of working out her own salvation. He had done all he could for her in the years in which she had sat under the droppings of his sanctuary. If now she wanted to try the grass on another ranche, he could do nothing to prevent her, and the part of wisdom was to assent as gracefully as he did.

One of Mr. Beecher's highest talents is this very desirable one of making some commonplace thing like this seem an inspiration coming to a Being who habitually dwells near the angels. There is a grandiose gush about "This lamb has found greener pastures in your fields than in mine," which is eminently Beecherian, and will hardly leave a dry eye in the country.

Gen. Sherman is a man with a grievance, and there is no bore like a man with grievance. He is as bad company as the man who lunches on Limburger cheese, and then wants to carry a confidential conversation. Gen. Sherman's grievance is war correspondents. He feels that they kept him from gaining all the credit for the suppression of the Rebellion that he is entitled to, and he never loses an opportunity to denounce them as scoundrels and cowards who plucked from him hard won laurels. He injected some of this Virulence into his speech at Cincinnati, in alluding to the battle of Shiloh. There was a very malicious sneer about men "who wrote up an account of the battle from the safe distance of Cairo and Paducah." This arouses Whitelaw Reid who was one of the correspondents, and he shows that he was quite as near the thick of the fight as Gen. Sherman himself was. Now all of Sherman's windy denunciation of those who claim that he was "surprised" or "caught unprepared" on that terrible morning of April 6, 1862, has this fatal defect: Though he had been encamped on the field of battle for weeks, and knew that he held the outer line, and that the enemy was in superior force less than 20 miles from him, he did not protect his front with a spadeful of earth, a fallen tree, or an obstruction of any kind. This is a fact that he cannot explain away. A little latter in the war such grossly criminal carelessness on the part of a Division Commander would have been considered good reason for sending him home in disgrace.

OLD QUOTATIONS REVISED—V.

> To treat or not treat—that's the question.
> Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer
> The sneers and sarcasms of thirsty loafers,
> Or meanly, weakly save oneself the trouble,
> And by an invitation end them. To drink—to treat
> A score, and by that treat to say we gain
> So many friends, and the pleasant name of being
> A bully fellow,—'tis a consummation
> Devoutly to be wished. To drink, to treat;—
> To treat—perchance three-score;—ay, there's the rub.
> For in that thoughtless treat what crowds may join
> When I have just invited up the boys,
> Must give us pause. There's the respect
> That makes calamity of this whole thing.
> For who would bear the drain upon his purse,
> The limbergered breath, the loafer's company,
> The off colored jokes, the tedious yarns,
> The insolence of bummers, and the tricks
> The brainless joker on the unwary plays,
> When he might himself his beverage take
> In decent quiet? Who would dead beats fill
> With smooth "Old Crow," and costly "Hennessey."
> But that the dread that something might be said,
> That undefinable terror of men's disfavor,
> Which no one can stand, puzzles the will,
> And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
> Than fly to others that we know not of?
>
> —*Shakspere, Adapted to Barroom Reading.*

Instead of imitating the Ohio Legislature, and wasting its time over unconstitutional local option measures, and impracticable Stubb's bills, the Wisconsin Legislature grapples the liquor question by one of its salient features, and passes a law fining any man $5 who dares treat his friend. There is no doubt that this will straightway become as utterly and irrevocably dead as ninety nine-hundredths of the liquor legislation of the Nation is, but it has merits as an agreeable novelty. It commends itself to us as something new, and new things are tediously rare in the dreary monotony of prohibitory statutes.

There is nothing more unfailing than the genial good nature of the average American legislator, and his accommodating readiness to put anything upon the statute books that anybody may ask for. Whether, after getting there, these have any more vitality than the weather predictions in last year's almanac is a matter upon which he is cheerfully indifferent. He has done *his* duty.

The adoption of such a law by a great State like Wisconsin brings the whole question of treating before the house in authorized form for discussion. The stale unprofitableness into which the debates of the Senate have degenerated makes the appearance of this fresh topic a welcome relief.

But it is a surprise to every one that this great vice of treating has not received earlier and more generally the statutory stigma that is now placed upon it. It is wonderful that every one of our States has not a law cataloging it among high crimes and misdemeanors, and punishing it with long imprisonment at hard labor, and deprivation of the right to run for office.

Who can be blind to the way that this deadly vice is sapping the very life-blood of the community? In every prominent drinking place there are men who were once the light of happy homes, the joy of proud parents, the ornaments of society and the Church, but who are now degraded into evil-minded thugs, that lie in wait in the dark corners of the saloon, to pounce upon any unlucky wight who strays in to wet his whistle, and plunder him of his hard earnings by making him "set it up all round for the boys." Who can measure the villainy of this practice, or the anguish of the unhappy victim?

His fate reminds one of some soft-eyed gazelle, almost perishing with thirst, who has tremblingly fled from one inviting spring after another, because she knew her enemies were lurking behind the curtaining bushes to pounce upon and destroy her. At last she comes to one that seems clear of them; she stoops her shapely head to the cool, sweet waters, which mirror the jewel light in her dark eyes, as the refreshing fluid pulsates along her parched throat, when suddenly some cowardly lynx leaps upon her from his leafy covert, and cools his hot jaws with her life blood.

Like that "dear gazelle," the thirsty man has most likely skirmished along the whole street, furtively peeping behind the screens for indications of his enemies lying in wait. Sometimes, if practiced in wiles, he has gone so far as to enter a saloon with the expression upon his face of looking for a man, but has retreated with a closer clutch upon the dime he meant to lay down upon the bar, as sounds from an obscure part of the room betrayed the ill-suppressed excitement of the beasts of prey at the approach of a victim.

But his cunning is no match for theirs, especially when the latter is aided and helped out by their natural ally—the saloon-keeper. The victim's thirst increases with every disappointment. At last it overmasters the shrewdness with which he began his quest for refreshment. He enters a place that has fair indications of being free from the harpies. No one is visible or pays any attention to him, until he has got so near the bar that he cannot conceal his intention. But as he lays down his dime with the remark to the barkeeper:

"Some of that same, please."

They rise up around him like Roderick Dhu's clan around the startled Fitz James. All about him are determined, excited men, with fierce, expectant eyes, and hot breaths. They are desperate; "a hungry belly has no conscience;" a thirsty saloon shark—and they are all, and always, thirsty—has infinitely less. What they would do, if a man disappointed them, we do not know. We never heard of any one having the courage to attempt it. The victim recognizes his hopeless situation, and surrenders by saying:

"Well, boys, what shall it be?"

Then he sees pour down the arid throats of these sharks the money that would have bought his baby shoes, his children books, his wife a Spring bonnet, and himself peace of mind—that peace of mind which he shall never know again until he can make a raise and fill the vacuum in his pocket that these thirsty suckers have drained.

The mistake in the Wisconsin law is that it punishes the wrong man. It is simply wicked to fine a man $5 whose substance has been devoured by saloon pirates. He is rather an object for the community's sympathy and charity.

The law ought to be made to hang draw and quarter any man who will lie in wait in the dark places of a saloon to collar drinks out of the thirsty in-comers. It should be declared grand larceny to look toward another man in the act of taking his "morning's morning," and high treason, without benefit of clergy, or executive clemency, to approach him under any pretext whatever, until after he has set down his glass, wiped his mouth, and begun his attack upon the cloves and coffee.

Until some law of this kind is enacted and rigidly enforced there can be no accumulation of wealth in this country except by saloon-keepers, and the resumption of specie payments is likely to be interrupted at any moment.

We spoke of the hights from which many of these liers-in-wait for treats—these Blear-eyed Bandits of the Barroom—had fallen. Their fall is a remarkable illustration of the old saying that when a man starts to go to the Devil he finds the road greased for rapid transit. Of course none of these hardened criminals ever dreamed that they were to fall so low as to commit without compunction these heinous offenses. Not the most insatiable and unscrupulous rascal of them all imagined a few years ago that he could possibly become so inured to crime as to sneak up on a man in his hour of greatest need and strip him of his hard earnings under the pretense of sharing in his hospitality.

No. These men's first transgression was doubtless some comparatively trivial murder, committed in the course of a casual evening's walk, or some thoughtless plundering of a savings bank, when the cash happened to be short and the broker was making a loud call for margins. Possibly they may have been careless of their matches when there was a big insurance on their property, or it may have been some unhappy coincidence of taking out a policy on their mother-in-law's life, and of placing the arsenic where the dear, kind, short sighted old soul mistook it for palverized sugar. At any rate it was some relatively venial offense that turned them aside from the path of virtue, and sent them bowling down the broad road to destruction. Not being detected and punished in their little homicide, or defalcation, or arson, they became hardened in sin, and their conscience so calloused that they proceeded swiftly from one grade of crime to another until they became capable of the daily enormities we have described.

Of course there is no hope for men so steeped in vice. The only thing to do is to kill them. Thieves, defaulters, robbers, and all such minor criminals may possibly be reformed, though we never thought the product was worth the trouble. Heaven is probably pretty well inhabited by murderers, if we accept the dying beliefs commonly expressed by gentlemen on scaffolds just before the black caps are pulled over them. But no one familiar with the genus ever fooled away any time in trying to save a man after he descended into iniquity so far as to become a bar-room shark.

All that could be hoped for then was death.

THE BOSSES.

No President was ever elected who owed so little to the "leaders" of his party as Gen. Garfield. Even Lincoln was not so much the President of the people. All through the campaign the Bosses were ostentatiously cold, and left no doubt in any one's mind of their disapproval of his candidacy. Frequently they were absolutely insulting in their manifestations of such disapproval, as Mr. Conkling was, in his contemptuous ignoring of the Republican Presidential candidate in every speech he made during the campaign. Had the marked indifference of these men been of any signal value as an element of success the Republicans would have lost New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois, because those three States the Bosses claim to "control," and they were demonstrative in their declination of any effort to "control" in the interests of the party. We are quite grateful now that they did so, because they made an unmistakable demonstration of their own valuelessness in determining the issue of the contest. They might have defeated Gen. Garfield by active opposition to him, but they could not by simply refusing to come to his assistance.

Now, bearing these facts in mind, the claim of these Bosses that they be given patronage is preposterous. What considerations of gratitude can they lay claim to? Why should they be given patronage to magnify their importance, when they use that importance to the hurt of the party?

Their attempt to dictate to the President is insufferable arrogance. In his resistance to such dictation the President will have the sympathy and moral support of at least nineteenths of the party, and of all that is worth considering as the party. Bossism is exceedingly repugnant to the very genius of Republicanism, and every effort to suppress it will meet with the hearty support of all those who are really the Republican party.

THE HISTORY OF A GREAT CRIME.

"Andersonville," a history of Southern prisons, has enjoyed a sale larger than any book published for years. It was written by a trained journalist who suffered 15 months in the hells devised by the Rebels for the murder of Union soldiers, and is the only accurate and full history of the great crime ever published.

The book is sold only by subscription, and as large as has been its sale there is very much territory in all the States that has never been canvassed, and those out of employment in such localities can do no better than to engage in its sale. As the subject is of engrossing interest to everybody, the books sells at sight, and agents make large incomes. Correspondence is invited. Full particulars will be sent upon application. Address D. R. Locke, Publisher, Toledo, Ohio.

Johnny Skae could have sold his Nevada mining stock two years ago for 10,000,000. Sierra Nevada and Union were then quoted at $300, and he owned about 40,000 shares. But he believed the price would go up to $1,000, and therefore held on, only to see it drop to $50. He speculated desperately with the remainder of his fortune, and lost it all. Now he is in Arizona without a dollar, but hopeful of discovering a new bonanza.

We are having a great demand for Nasby's new humorous pamphlet, "The Diary of an Office Seeker," advertised in another column at 15 cents each, postpaid by mail. The other pamphlets, "Nasby as a Banker" and "Democratic John Bunyan," are also having a large sale at 10 cents each.

The elevated roads of New York City, according to the report recently given, carried 63,000,000 people last year without the loss of a single passenger.

The excess of cloudy weather in England prevents the perfecting of the apple there so far as flavor and size are concerned. They are fit only for making cider and cooking. The single exception is the pippin which develops into a very pleasant fruit. This fact led the American Consul at Bristol to think a large trade could be built up with this country by the importation of our splendid varieties of apples into Great Britain, he having had them for his own use during all of his residence there. He suggested it to a grocer, and the consequence was a growing trade which promises much for the future. During the last three months of 1880 the importation by Bristol firms was 14,548 barrels. The whole export trade of the United States in ripe apples last year reached $1,190,000, a sum which might easily be doubled or trebled in 1881. With care in the cultivation of this fruit, and the same enterprise as is used in other directions this may become one of the most important articles of export from this country.

Does any one imagine that all this row is because the Democrats do not want to see the position of Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate given to "a Democratic renegade?" They are capable of making a very bitter fight to retain a very little patronage, but this transcends all their previous efforts in that direction. It is something of far more importance they are struggling for. If Mahone's secession be not crushed in some way the Solid South is at an end. It must be shown that no one dare revolt against the Bourbon rule. Mahone's eminent services to the Southern Confederacy and the high esteem in which the Southern people hold his character and abilities, make him the most formidable leader in such a revolt that could be selected. If he is allowed to succeed the Solid South is rent like a vail. If he can be crushed out the solidity may be maintained indefinitely.

We were astonished at the flood of specie which poured into this country from Europe last year, but this year's receipts make those appear insignificant. From the beginning of the year to the 1st instant the receipts were 14 millions, against 2½ millions for the same time last year. There are no indications of a diminution of the flow, though where this immense quantity of bullion is to come from is a mystery, unless it is carried back to Europe almost as soon as it arrives here by the crowds of extravagant tourists who are "doing" the continent.

It should be remembered that the Democrats did all in their power to coax Mahone into acting with them. They fawned upon and flattered him to a nauseating extent. Nothing was said then about "an unholy alliance with a Repudiator." It was only when he declined to be whipt into their caucus that they discovered he was a vile man whom they should not associate with.

The row between Voorhees and Mahone reminds one of the old story of the great big boor who was quarreling with a small but witty antagonist.

"Look out," said the former, with a sneer, "or I'll pick you up with my little finger, and swallow you."

"If you do," replied the other, "you'll have more brains in your stomach than you can ever have in your head."

Jubber, the Boer Commandant, turns out to be an American, having been born in Brownsville, Pa., and learned the art of war while commanding a negro company in the 25th Corps. We thought from the first that the tactics which cleaned out the British bore a striking resemblance to those with which the "boys" used to whoop it up to the Johnnies.

Dr. Crosby, of New York City, asserts that nearly all the beggars who ask for money or bread upon the street are foreigners, an assertion which is confirmed by several other clergymen, and the Superintendents of Metropolitan Charities. This is a commentary upon the landing upon these shores of so many European paupers.

Belgium has formally declined to join in the interdiction of American meats, having discovered no just ground for such action. It now appears that the trichina which has been discovered in France and Germany has been caused by eating fresh half cooked home pork.

At last even West Point graduates are able to see that when rifles are made which kill at 3,000 yards and over, a bayonet is useless, and the Chief of Ordnance expresses his opposition to longer encumbering infantrymen with them.

People who do not realize the extent of the immigration from Canada may get a little idea from the fact that one party of 900 persons were snow-bound in Chicago last Saturday night on their way to homes in the West.

A careful canvass of the press of New York shows 112 Republican papers supporting Robertson's confirmation, to nine opposing it. How absurd does this make Conkling's claim to "represent New York" appear.

Private Dalzell's services have been "recognized," by appointment of a good-paying clerkship in the Pension office. He has earned the appointment as well as ever such a thing was earned.

The calmness of the Dunghill Chanticleer of the Wabash since his encounter with the Bantam of Virginia is phenomenal. His jaw has not had such a rest for years.

The women of the Isle of Man have political suffrage.

TO THOSE OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

"Old Dr. Carlin's Recipe Book" is now completed and ready for delivery. The book is all that has been said of it. It is the most valuable collection of useful and indispensable knowledge ever collected, and will be in demand in every family in the United States. It is sold only by subscription, and whoever secures an agency will have a valuable property. Over 20,000 have been sold in advance of publication, and the demand for it, now that it is out, will be simply immense.

Persons of either sex out of employment can do no better than to take an agency for the sale of this book. It will yield a certain and permanent income, for there is nothing on the market that will compare with it. A postal addressed to "Locke Publishing Co.," Toledo, Ohio, will bring full particulars. For New England address "Locke Publishing Co.," 41 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Senatorial deadlock still continues with no prospect of its being broken soon.——A granite monument is to be erected on the spot in Mexico where Maximillian was shot.——The pecuniary position of curates in the Church of England has improved very much of late years, and in many parishes the curate, if unmarried, will often be a richer man than his rector.——Savoy and Switzerland have, in proportion to their population, more paupers and imbeciles than any other European country.——An unpublished *éloge* of Montesquieu by Marat has just been discovered in the municipal library of Bordeaux. It was sent in for the prize offered by the Academy of Bordeaux in 1785.——At the dedication of a Unitarian Church in Hartford, Christian clergymen preached and a Jewish rabbi pronounced the benediction. The church is one of the most flourishing in that City.——The following is a placard in a theater at Durango, Cal.: "From and after this date all persons who wish to gain admittance to the auditorium of the Colliseum must leave their weapons at the front bar, where checks will be given for them."——Hereafter the President will not receive visitors on Saturday.——The Greenback vote was very light in Rhode Island at the recent election.——Chicago builders have resolved to advance the wages of carpenters 15 per cent.——Two colored men were burned to death at Charleston, S. C., Tuesday evening.——It is thought Gen. Sturgis will be made Governor of the Soldiers' Home at Washington.——The statement of the Imperial Bank of Germany shows a decrease in specie of 8,210,000 marks.——The butter, cheese, egg and milk business of the country are estimated to be worth $40,000,000.——Gen. Schofield is endeavoring to have his headquarters removed from New Orleans to St. Louis.——The new Pillsbury mill, at Minneapolis, will be capable of making 4,000 barrels of flour per day.——Gov. Long has appointed ex-Attorney General Deveus a Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.——The President is understood to be opposed to calling an extra session of Congress to break the dead-lock in the Senate.——Eugene Smith died at Dayton, Ohio, from being struck on the head by a brick which had fallen from a tower 90 feet high.——Charles Springstead, in jail at Passaic, New Jersey, confesses the murder of a boy named Samuel Asher, giving as a reason that he disliked the boy's father.——Low Dog, and a band of 70 Indians from Sitting Bull's camp, are reported on their way to Buford, under the charge of Lieut. Robinson, of the Seventh Cavalry.——A passenger train on the Oregon Railroad ran off the track at China Gulch, Cal., Sunday night, killing the engineer and fireman and wounding several other employes. The accident was caused by a washout.——The puddlers at the sheet mill at the Reading Iron Works, Reading, Pa., demanded an increase of wages from $4 to $4.50 per ton, and the mill closed, throwing 400 men out of employment.——Hungary, Transylvania, and other countries subject to the crown of St. Stephen, show by the recent census, a population of 15,608,723, against 15,417,337 in 1870, or an increase of 191,386. This is at the rate of only 1.24 per cent for the 10 years.——The circus manager who advertised for the handsomest woman in the United States has ch

Correspondence.

HOME LETTER.

Easter Gifts.

NEW YORK, April 9.

The emblems of Spring fill the windows, and thoughts also fill much of one's time for the fortnight. Easter lilies have been in bloom for a month, to remind possible purchasers of their existence. All the delicate spring flowers, which it is the pride of the florists to rear in hot houses, with careful tending and study of soils and conditions, are hurrying forward the season, while yet beds are bare and snow storms whirl out of doors. Daisies, the true French Marguerites, with finer petal and darker center than our oxeye daisy, have been blooming on the sunny pavements before florists' doors for two months, and the variety of chrysanthemum, which is first cousin to the daisy, and in request for bouquet-filling, is recognized as the old Maywood, of the wayside, improved by town life and cultivation. The star of Bethlehem, that loveliest religious blossom of our northern Spring and as fair as lilies of the valley, and full of sentiment opens meekly when potted in the greenhouse, and we are promised pretty sprays of apple and May-flowers before the swallow comes. For an overwhelming mass or a spray to be carried in the hand as a reminiscence of Summer, the sight of such flowers is glad, but as a four months' force of florists' skill, in potting and composts they are like the forced strawberries, which sold at $12 a box in January, and which the extravagant were welcome to, the whole crop, for all one envied them, the unseasonable things.

Easter cards in fine lithography of saints and angels, lilies, palms, butterflies, emblems of the soul, the egg of immortality and the rabbit, a German symbol of fecundity and many flowering spring have first captivated and then puzzled selection. Invention seems drawn rather than in the variety of design, but there is enough of good taste to make the gathering of Easter remembrances a pleasure. The choicest are the hand-painted cards, delicate and sweet in fancy, are showered upon the shops in competition with printed cards. At the rooms of a society devoted to such work, yesterday were sheets of lovely white and cream paper, with a narrow ribbon-colored border, with a narrow ribbon or silk cord run through them and tassels at the end, sometimes a smaller bird's egg strung above the tassel as pendant. The white pearly eggs are all painted in forget-me-nots, purple and white wood violets or hepaticas, while the tinted surface of the Brahma eggs offered just the ground for designs in sepia or brown and gold. These pretty eggs are suspended under the gasolier, or across photograph easels, Easter morning, and a clever fancy fills them with perfume to revive the air, the only use it seems they can be put to. They may be preserved however by pouring melted wax inside and moving the egg till it has an inner coating half an inch thick.

Three cornered cards three inches across the shorter side are liked, as the design seems less formal than on a square card. A lasting fancy paints the device on squares of satin or silk, with fringed sides, and sticks one of the slender address cards an inch wide with gilt edges across the face for Easter greetings. The painting afterward serves for the scent sachet, worn in the bosom of dresses, or makes a tiny cushion or box cover, or the panel for a closed photograph frame. As I write, beside me lie two dainty bits of handicraft, a gilded three cornered card with pale blue bird's eggs strung on stalks of ripe feather grass, and the sacred initials I. H. S. in immense and gold filling the left corner. The drawing of the fine grassheads and the tinting is delicately and surely done, yet the price of this true artist's fancy was only half that asked for a Prang card. I am loth to say how little. A sky blue satin slip painted with pink crow-foot geranium and a tiny bird's nest with the wren hovering over it, cost 75 cents, and there were scores of good patterns at the same price. I hope and trust the artist was a skilled worker. I know it would take an ordinary amateur an hour to draw and color such a sketch, and the cost of the bit of satin and colors with the society percentage must have brought the designer about what my washerwoman charges, from 12½ to 25 cents an hour. By all means, let us give to every woman, girl and child an art education, and train them to such rewards as these.

DRESS NOTES.

Pattern dresses in some sort are part of each season's display, and those for Spring of dark camel's hair or soft serge have trimming of narrow stripes of even width in dull gold and self color. The small vest for the short basque, the cuffs, but not the collar, and the border of the overskirt are of the striped goods, and the pleated flounce shows the stripes with a bar of solid color at top. Broad Roman stripes in dark red and bronze trim some wool dresses.

Satin merveilleux, in a buff or shaded gold and deep garnet, shown as one of the choicest furnishings for early bonnets. Black or dyed porcupine straws of split braid, in which fine strands stand out, bristling evenly as the nape denotes are the fancy for Spring. The old tea colors and coffee shades are stylishly worn in straws.

Clusters of soft silk pompons in the shades of Roman ribbons, or in shades together, trim some of the new round hats.

It is early for Summer fashions, but an extensive importer whose customers spend the Spring in Washington, and replenish their wardrobes here, shows very fine, soft, unbleached Panama hats with low crowns, about which a large embroidered kerchief of white India muslin is gracefully folded, two points falling in front, two corners tied behind, and one end falling forward on the crown, the other at the side in charming effect.

A group of dress caps in choicest style worth describing, one was pleatings of black lace, embroidered in cashmere dots over the pattern, with a knot of soft brocade ribbon in mauve, pink, black and Illumination shading perfectly with large pale Malmaison rosebuds. Another was knots of black velvet ribbon, mixed with cashmere lace, and the finest which showed the hand of an artist, was a transparent border of white silk net dotted with gold, with a twist of the same, not for band and filigree gold pins to hold the whole in place. It was one of those coquetries of nature art which prolong in admiration of taste what was once the tribute paid to complexion and color.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A lady writes, asking if I will recommend some water cure to her. She says: "I could take such intense pleasure in life if I were only strong. I can go from the exercise to the finest work with ease, and am at home whether at the cook stove, the piano, the sewing machine or the easel, whether managing a boat, driving, or shooting squirrels, but my pleasure is all ways cut short by want of strength."

A woman with this range of abilities has a right to live and make much of herself. But alas . . . I do not know of a single water cure or health retreat of any sort where I should want to spend a fortnight and I must say, that in general, such places and the good they do is overrated. The cooking, a more important point than medicine, is never what it should be, and seldom comes up to the standard of a good country hotel. Persons out of health are more at the mercy of their surroundings, than well ones and the discomforts which annoy the vigorous are intolerable to the sensitive and semi-invalid. A change almost always improves the condition by its effect on spirits and nerves, giving the mind rest and new interests which does not at all imply that the ailment is imaginary at all. Were I to recommend a course to this lady it would be either to get a good boarding house in high fine air, where there is good cook, and live out of doors all the pleasant days, or take the railroad journey to California as soon as the Pacific road is clear from snows, living on the excellent fares of the stations, breathing the superb air of the plains and enjoying the views, even if she never set foot on the soil of San Francisco or on one of the stock sights of the Pacific Coast. I know a woman who is a trained cook and housekeeper, besides being a cultivated person of independent means who says she wants nothing so much in the world as to settle in the far West, wherever could turn all her gifts to use, and live in that wonderful air. If California is too far, the New York hills about the head of the Central lakes, offer the highest, purest, dryest air between here and the Rocky Mountains.

A kindly disposed correspondent sympathizes with me for the vigorous comment my "servant girl letter" occasioned among readers of the BLADE, and pathetically says, "Should think you would be worn out, your letters stir people up so."

Bless your heart, my dear unknown friend, that's what they're for! If the effect of these letters was only to amuse people and tickle them with a sensation or two as absurd as that remarkable canard going the rounds that fashionable white dresses take from 900 to 1200 yards of lace for trimming; or that ladies are wearing real boots with gold lacings, and left them in a purring sense of complacency over a writer whose ideas they thoroughly agree with—why, I should lay this pen down and take to growing roses or some other self-respecting occupation. The pert and captious flings at mistresses, and the twaddle about "social degradation' usually comes from girls who could not keep a place in a respectable kitchen a week and who could never pretend to acquaintance with families of the better sort from the pinnacle of a shop girl's position, or in a slipshod existence, depending on friends. They show their ignorance of the commonest duties of housework in every objection and cavil. The dames who drew the moving picture of a hired girl dusting the top of the doors every morning and going through her morning's work about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, is not aware that the rule of good housekeeping is to dust the tops of the doors once a week, at the general sweeping, which prevents the accumulation of dust, till it floats and falls with every opening of the door. If a girl in health could not finish the morning's work for three people by 9 or 10 o'clock at farthest, it would be a clear imposition for her to pretend to live out. A neat, quick, tidy girl of good manners is no more looked down on as a servant than she is as a dressmaker or a shop girl or photograph colorist. Do you suppose I want to know the young person who sells tickets at the station window, who bangs her hair and wears high colors, and bites her lips whenever she talks and chats with gentlemen in a free, bold fashion across the room? She is of a piece with the girl who muddled about my kitchen in a long-trained pink gingham, singing opera airs, and wore a mock gold bracelet to sweep in, who could neither boil a potato, iron a shirt or dust a room. She is of the same class as the young woman, mistress of her own house, who wears finer gowns to her back than I ever expect to have, whose manners are excruciatingly fine, but who persists in talking art and poetry and putting on ultra genteel airs when she doesn't know the headlines of either. She wonders why I always talk "gossip of housekeeping with her, when she wants to soar off into the last opera, or discuss Bernhardt or Tennyson. I decline because she doesn't know anything about these subjects, while she does know something about nice needlework and the neighbors. Everybody fails to their level, in a kitchen or out of it, and housekespers are favored that the inefficient silly, uneasy class of girls stay out of their kitchens and leave the place for women who understand their business. We are not obliged to depend on the greenhorns fresh from mud-floors and turf cabins, though a new emigrant is far preferable to a spoiled girl, trained in all the tricks of the intelligence office. Sifting finds and proves the good, and a Nova Scotia girl, clean, quick, clever and pretty, is no bad presence to have in one's household. "Ah," said my laundress a week ago, "and had I known the week before I married what I know now, wid a husband and three childers to care fur, I'd niver a left my kitchin' where I was airnin' my good livin' and well treated, and the mistress she axed me what did I want to go fur! I didn't know then I was well off—but guris is that set to get marrid, they'd bounce out of hiven an' they seed a man lookin' fur 'em."

In truth that seems to be at the root of the matter, that a girl would rather starve, or do worse, than place herself in a position where she imagines her employer's son would not marry her. In 97 cases out of 100 he never would look at a girl of different style and manners from those he considered his equals, whether she lived at her own home or his mother's. The well-to-do young men, who marry shop-girls, are not the flower of their class, nor do the smart girls who get them congratulate themselves on their bargains very long, as a rule. Still, for the fractionary chance, the high-spirited American girl prefers the independence of shabby gowns and envious discontent—as if the prince were more likely to take the slipshod from a poverty stricken home than from a useful and well-filled sphere among cultivated people. It seems to me, if I were a girl, and thought the Prince might look at me, I'd risk my wits and worth against that poor little forlorn chance, and win spite of circumstance. SUSAN POWER.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Dead-Lock in the Senate.

WASHINGTON, April 8, 1881.

The absurd position occupied by the Democratic leaders in the United States Senate occupies public attention here to the exclusion of every thing else. The dead-lock has now continued for nearly two weeks; and, since the last Republican caucus, the indications are that it will be continued indefinitely, the Republicans having resolved "to fight it out on this line."

The speech of Sen. Bayard on Wednesday was the ablest and smoothest piece of sophistry that has yet come from the Democratic side and was answered promptly and well by Sen. Sherman, who seems to have lost nothing of his old debating ability by his four years of spiendid success at the head of the Treasury.

Mr. Bayard's speech was plausible and held the attention of the Senate and the crowd it must be said that it was utterly unworthy of him, and in its main position, absolutely absurd. It was, in fact, an attempt to show that because the minority was protected in certain rights it had the right to rule. The Democrats, he said, had chosen a majority to this body, but one had deserted and had gone over to the Republicans under circumstances which seemed to show a corrupt bargain, and to defeat such a bargain the minority were justified in the interposition of every and all obstacles within their reach. That is to say: the position of Mr. Mahone justified the minority in holding onto power against the clear provisions of the Constitution.

Mr. Bayard had a keen sense of the great errors committed by the Republicans and was ashamed that, for the sake of four unimportant offices, they should turn their backs upon the President, neglect the public business, and make themselves a spectacle before the country. There was, he understood, an important treaty (the Chinese treaty) involving the interests of millions of people on the Pacific Slope, which was kept back by the greed for a few offices. There were also many important nominations awaiting confirmation; but nothing could be done on account of these four offices.

Well, Mr. Bayard, that's so. The American people have already been stubborn and willful about their little things and Delaware ought to have its eyes on them. We remember when they cast defiance into the teeth of the British Lion and put the whole country into a fermont just on account of a little tax on tea. Mr. Bayard, this is only another tea question. Four unimportant officers over the whole question of free government. Under the Constitution the power is with the majority. Does Mr. Mahone's position change the Constitution? If not then Mr. Bayard is a revolutionist, acting in defiance to the fundamental law.

Mr. Sherman answered Mr. Bayard's elaborate and carefully prepared speech most successfully. He referred to the fact that obstruction had often been resorted to for the purpose of gaining time or preventing present action, but did not remember any case before this in which it had been seriously contended that the minority had a right to take the vote into its own hand and to set the majority at defiance. This he justly characterized as a revolution.

Mr. Hawley, the new Senator from Connecticut, said, in answer to the charges made by the Democrats implying that Republicans had gone over to repudiation in giving their support to Mahone, that he did not propose, for one, to endorse the financial views from the Senator of Virginia. On the other hand he was earnestly opposed to every phase of repudiation. But, he said, there were things more important than the Virginia debt. The whole South was bandied in one great conspiracy to suppress the vote of its newly made citizens and keep the rule of that section in the hands of the minority. This is believed to be destructive of the Government and therefore to be put down on every possible occasion. The Democrats had broken into this system of Bourbon rule; and, for one, he proposed to stand by it and maintain it. It was his war for the restoration of a free vote and a fair count. This was the predominent interest of the country and far above all questions of finance.

The speech of Mr. Sherman was in the same vein, and was amazingly powerful and affecting. In reply to Bayard's deliberate charge that the Republicans, in giving their support to Mahone and Riddleberger, were in fact supporting and giving countenance to repudiation, he said that such charges came with a bad grace from that party that repudiation was one of the Democratic principles; that the Democratic party had been the author and promoter of every proposition to repudiate that had been made in the United States. He therefore fearlessly denied this absurd charge, as he did also every charge or intimation of a bargain. He said there was no bargain, no agreement. "We," he continued, "buy no man. We barter with no man. Our motives for entering into this movement are as plain as day and can be proclaimed from every house-top. We give our hand to the Senator from Virginia because we believe, by doing so, we shall advance the best interests of the country and that we shall be the means of doing what will especially benefit the South." He went on further to say that if the election of Riddleberger would be, as was charged, the entering wedge to new political combinations in Virginia, so much the better—that was an effort to be labored for—that was an additional justification of the steps taken here by Republican Senators.

After Mr. Sherman had concluded there was a colloquy between Mr. Bayard and Mr. Hoar on the subject of supporting repudiationists. Mr. Bayard wanted to make out that the Republican Senators had gone over to repudiation:

Mr. Bayard—If a man advocates the side of repudiation, and repudiation is the issue, I would never support him.

Mr. Hoar—But suppose repudiation is not the issue!

Mr. Bayard—But repudiation, by the action of the Senator's party, is the issue.

Mr. Hoar—I deny it.

Mr. Bayard—None the less do I affirm it.

Mr. Hoar—The difference seems to this: When fraud and assassination are the issue, the Senator is willing to ally himself with repudiationists, who sustain that issue, while I ally myself with repudiationists that put it down.

That answer touched a tender place in the armor of the Delaware Senator, and he charged that Mr. Hoar, in the heat of debate, forgot what was due to the motives of another. Mr. Hoar replied that he was dealing with facts and not with motives.

Mr. Bayard—Why, then, does the Senator stand before the country and ally me with what is dishonorable and unfair!

Mr. Hoar—Because, whenever the party thus performs these things at the South is in distress, the Senator interposes the shield of his honorable and fair personal character to protect it.

The contest will probably go on indefinitely, till the Democrats see, as they already begin to see, that it is working injury to their party. The debate on Wednesday has had a powerful effect in showing that the Democrats are completely in the wrong, and can no more be sustained by the country than they were in the revolutionary antics of the extra session.

In my last letter I intimated that the Republican Senators would probably give way and leave this unimportant question respecting its officers to be settled after the executive business had been disposed of. But the Democrats having declared that they would maintain their position till next December, the question became one of principle, touching the rightful exercise of Senatorial power, and so, after full consultation, they came to the conclusion that it might as well be fought out now as at any other time. They feel that they are clearly right; and the recent outspoken support of such men as Sherman and Hawley seems to indicate that the President is with them. Then the question touches the organization of the anti-Bourbon forces for the Fall contest in Virginia, and it is evident from the character of the speeches that there is to be no half way work in that State. The Republican Senators can endorse Riddleberger, a Readjustor and Hancock elector, for their Sergeant-at-Arms, they have evidently made up their minds to do more: and we may expect to see lively times in "Old Virginia" when the Bourbons take the field for the election of their Governor.

BUCKEYE.

PARISIAN LETTER.

The Carnival and Lenten Season. Public Opinion Upon the Assassination of the Czar.—Inefficiency of the Parisian Fire Department.—The Fenians Invited to Emigrate to Transvaal.—Chilly Winds and Fires.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

PARIS, March 24, 1881.

To the looker-on in Paris, the Carnival and the Lenten season are played out obversances. The Mardi Gras was a failure, no chariots appearing save those of business firms, who took that opportunity of advertising their wares. These were gayly decorated as in our Fourth of July processions, and many children appeared on the streets in fantastic costumes. Otherwise no attention was paid to this ancient saturnalia, every one being intent upon the usual business vocations of life, while the retrocctionist press mourned the prevalence of festivism, and the consequent decline of Carnival mirth and revelry. Many fancy dress and masked balls were given by organized societies, and will continue to be given on Sundays and Thursdays until the passion week. As costumers the Parisians are unrivaled, and the fancy dresses displayed where such articles are for sale or rent, are wonderful in variety, style and taste, and display study and art. If Lent is really observed as a season of fasting, it's amazing where the enormous amounts of meats are consumed, which are brought to the great markets and daily sold. I asked our concierge how the French people managed the fasting business during Lent, when apparently so much meat was consumed and the great majority of them were Catholics. "Eh bien," she said, "you Protestants and Positivists are spoiling all our ancient customs, and have made dispensations from fasting more fashionable, than in the good old times. For instance I am in delicate health and can't fast, and M. Le Cace gave me a dispensation; my husband works hard every day and must have his meat; rich people are usually sickly, and whether they buy dispensations or not, they eat what they please, and so it goes, and they who fast most are the poor who are obliged to." Several receptions and balls have been very brilliant throughout Lent, and, with the exception of certain days, there is much more gaiety among the society people than in our country at this season.

The assassination of the Czar produced most profound sensation here. The Chambers adjourned their sessions, and condolences were telegraphed to St. Petersburg. The Republican press spoke of the good accomplished by the late Czar, who freed the serfs and made it possible for the poorest Russian youth to acquire a good education, and who instituted many salutary reforms. While not seeking to veil his vices and faults, the position was taken, that if the assassination was committed by the Nihilists, it was not only the extreme of brutality and cowardice, but a mistake from which the Socialists would suffer through reaction. The Radical press sought to screen the Nihilists from the responsibility of the crime, saying it was unfavorable to communicate with them, because the telegraph offices were controlled by the Russian Government, and only such dispatches sent as it dictated. M. Rochefort went to Geneva, expecting to there obtain reliable news from other than telegraphic sources. Pres. Grevy sent Gen. Fetter and M. Chamoine as French representatives to attend the funeral of the late Czar, and the Russian colony held memorial services in his honor at their Chapel, in this City. The Ambassadors from all the continental courts were recalled, both to attend the funeral and to advise regarding the foreign policy of the new regime. Alexander III. is a great admirer of the French language or people, and it is said that during the Franco-Prussian war he forbade all members of his household to speak German, under a fine of 20 francs. His father, on the contrary, was an ardent lover of his German relatives and their language, and hearing of the new rule of his son's household, called upon him one morning; very ceremoniously, and began a conversation in German; his son replied in French, and as his father took his leave he held out the 20 francs fine and left it upon a table.

The Radical press rehearsed the tragical end of all the Romanoffs, asserting that those who apparently died of disease were poisoned, and that the assassination of the late Czar was like that of his predecessors, due to other influences than those of the Russian Liberal party.

A perfect fatality holds sway over the Parisian fire department, and I think it impossible that another civilized country of the world, is cursed with one so inefficient. All the houses are built of stone, the only wood used in their construction being for doors and window frames. The City is not only well supplied with water, but has most excellent water works. The firemen are courageous, their bravery, and disregard of their lives, bordering on foolhardiness, and when a common fire breaks out, which our Fifth Ward engine lovers with one single engine would put out in 15 minutes after the first alarm is given, it burns days, consumes millions of francs worth of property, and many human lives are always placed in jeopardy. The conflagration of the "Grands Magasins du Printemps" last week, was a more disastrous one, than that of the Tuileries last Autumn, and the fire department manifested even greater stupidity. The building was a palatial one, occupying an entire square, fronting on Boulevard Haussmann. It was five stories in hight, with a Mansard roof, the lower four stories being filled with all manner of dry goods, artificial flowers, laces, linens, damasks, and elegant upholstered furniture. The proprietor and his family occupied apartments in the building, and about 1,000 employes lodged in the Mansard rooms, and small apartments below. The fire caught at 5 P. M., the watchman while making a tour of observation with a *lighted* lamp accidentally setting fire to a piece of lumpy Gas was burning in different parts of the building, and why he carried the burning lamp was not explained. Instantaneously, curtains, laces and goods of that description which had been displayed the day before for the Spring opening, were in a blaze. M. Jolivet, the propietor, barely escapsd with his life, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the employes were awakened, and enabled to leave their aerial apartments in safety. The fire department were not as prompt as in Toledo in reaching the fire, though stationed less than a quarter of a mile from it. When they arrived their play engines threw tiny streams, then the hose leaked, and the portable engines were almost useless. The firemen were very brave, perfling their lives to save the inmates of the burning palace. Thirty-five were wounded and two killed, and for nearly two days the fire kept burning. It was confined entirely to the one building, a portion thereof and the roof are yet standing, but absolutely no goods were saved. One of the firemen who died of injuries received, was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor just before he drew his last breath. O how I did wish one of our Toledo fire engines, even our present one, with half a dozen firemen, had been here to show the Parisians, with their 15 centuries of civilization, how to put out a fire. I told the people in our hotel, how we managed fires, and asked why in the name of humanity American engines and hose carts could not be introduced here. Several of them had lived in New York, and acknowledged American superiority in extinguishing fires but they said, efforts had been made to introduce our method, but had failed because the ways of the new world were not adopted to the *old*. It is so very easy to confine fires to one room here, because the walls are stone and a stream from one of our ordinary hose would put out any fire by playing upon it 10 minutes, but never useless, in spite of our wooden buildings, and water works which are sometimes contrary, a Toledo hose cert and half a dozen Toledo firemen, can accompiish more in fighting fire than the entire Paris fire department, with a barrel of crosses of the Legion of Honor thrown in as an incentive to superhuman exertion. By the destruction of these palatial stores, four thousand persons are thrown out of employment, and those whose apartments were in the mansard rooms, lost their entire wardrobe and furniture. Many makers of artificial flowers, lace weavers, tapestry and damask manufacturers and upholsterers were constantly employed by the firm, working at their homes, besides an enormous clerical force.

Among important foreign arrivals within the last week were a delegation of Boers on their way to Ireland to invite the Fenians and Land Leaguers to emigrate to the fertile and broad prairie lands of Transvaal, and join their lives and fortunes with those of the descendants of the Hollanders, in driving their natural enemies, the English, from South Africa, and to create for themselves homes in that distant land.

Though early fruit trees and shrubbery are blooming, and in sunny localities horse-chestnut trees are in full foliage, the air is keen and chilly, and cold winds indicate such men as Sherman and Hawley seems to that the President is with them. Then the question touches the organization of the anti-Bourbon forces for the Fall contest in Virginia, and it is evident from the character of the speeches that there is to be no half way work in that State. The Republican Senators can endorse Riddleberger, a Readjustor and Hancock elector, for their Sergeant-at-Arms, they have evidently made up their minds to do more: and we may expect to see lively times in "Old Virginia" when the Bourbons take the field for the election of their Governor.

BUCKEYE.

NEW YORK LETTER.

The Amenities of Spring—A New Thing in "Benefits"—A Famous Court-Martial—The Political Outlook.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

NEW YORK, April 9.

The almanac says Spring, but the dismal weather of late is little like it. This second week in April is chill and dreary as early March. Even in the patrician precincts of Madison Square the grass has not yet dared to start, and the sellers of early violets and Spring greenery around the Fifth Avenue Hotel corner look despondent and disgusted. No one has been known to pay 25 cents for a Boston rosebud with the thermometer on the shady side of freezing in the middle of the day. Only a couple of days ago the boys in Westchester County were enjoying skating on ice formed in ponds since the first of the month. The streets were filled with

WHIRLING DUST CLOUDS

that choked, blinded and made miserable the unlucky ones who were out in them. Broadway was a Sahara of flying dust. It seemed as if all the Winter's accumulation of dirt, yet unremoved, had been ground to powder and was floating in the air. The strong chill wind that blew round four corners at once drove it into eyes and down throats, through windows and into careless-ly left open halls and vestibules till their marble floors were carpeted an inch deep with dust. The average downtown business man carried home enough soil in his eyes and ears to set a rosebush in, and refused to be comforted by Vennor's most alluring prophecies. From present appearances, this pleasant state of things will last till it rains or it becomes warm enough to order out the sprinkling carts.

A NOVEL "BENEFIT."

The entertainment lately given for the benefit of the Ladies' Art Association is decidedly a unique idea, well carried out. This association is a society whose object is the encouragement and assistance of poor young women who have a talent for art. Many a girl, left to make her way alone, has been helped to develop a real artistic gift. It is managed by women who know what the difficulties in the way of the art student are, and know that there must be many years of obscure and patient labor before a woman can make her own way.

The "benefit" was gotten up by and given in the rooms of one of the best known artists who inhabit the Union Square, whose signature on photographs is known the world around. The large parlors were crowded with an anxiously expectant audience, such as gathers at the sale of some favorite artist's works. When the heavy curtain at the end of the rooms was raised it showed only the backs of half a dozen men sitting at as many easels with blank sketching paper before them, and at one side a lump of modeling clay. Not a crayon stroke was on the paper, and the clay was—well, only a lump of clay. Not half a dozen persons in the audience knew at first, who the artists at the easels were, but it was announced that they would

"SKETCH AGAINST TIME,"

the pictures finished in half an hour to be sold at auction for the benefit of the association. All the sketches were from memory. At a signal the six unknowns fell to work with furious haste. Hands armed with crayons, chalk and charcoal made swift strokes and thrusts, and pokes, and dabs across the paper. It was wonderful to see something grow out of nothing on the easels with magic swiftness. What a sight it would have been to watch those faces as the nervous fingers wrought it out the creatures of the brain. In the end of 30 minutes half a dozen finished pictures were laid down, and more blank paper put up. The sculptor was indulged with an extra fifteen minutes for his bas-relief, while the rest started in on fresh landscapes and marines, and figure-pieces and "studies." An other half hour and another set of finished sketches. Then came a relay of fresh artists, who dashed ahead on new sketches. Then, as there were "enough to begin on," the sale commenced, a newspaper man whose rôle *de plume* is known all over the country, acting as auctioneer. As the pictures were put up, of course the names of the artists were given, and there was a chance to buy a sketch of a favorite artist "done before your eyes." As one of the funny men said, it was like eating buckwheat cakes in the kitchen." The audience carefully gaged their opinion of each sketch in dollars and cents. As to the merits of the pictures it is enough to say that among the artists were such names as those of the Morans, Bruce Crane, Edwards and Sarony. "The Normandy Coast," a charcoal sketch by Mr. Edward Moran, was sold for $30. The same price was brought by Mr. Thomas Moran's drawing, a "Fishing Smack Close Reefed." Mr. Bruce Crane's two Long Island scenes brought $30. The model in clay, "Psyche and Cupid," sold for $21. For a "View of Cape Ann," by Mr. Edwards, $28 was paid. A Cupid drawn in pastel, finished in 15 minutes, was sold for $15. Besides these, there were a number of others, which altogether brought in between $300 and $400 for the library fund of the association. It will be seen that some of the artists were paid at the rate of a dollar a minute—surely not a low price. This new way of raising the wind is as interesting as it is successful.

THE FAMOUS COURT MARTIAL.

The Whittaker court-martial, that long-drawn-out trial, which is costing the Government $3,000 a day in expenses, and the total cost of which bids fair to run up to $1,000,000, has at last fairly begun on the case for the defense. Cadet Whittaker has been on the stand for the past few days. He is self-possessed, and gives his testimony in a clear, straightforward manner, in spite of the half insinuating, half contemptuous way in which the examination is carried on. The testimony of one of the many experts in handwriting examined has been impeached by reliable witnesses. Even $100 a day, it seems, can not secure an infallible "expert."

One of the benefits of the trial is the exposure of West Point manners, as they exist out of sight of visitors. Yesterday Whittaker testified that though he had been a slave in South Carolina, he had never been treated with such studied contempt as at the Military Academy. The young men who study there seem to forget that Government on exactly the same footing as the colored cadet, and that it does not become them to look down on him. If the "Point" cannot produce anything but a race of military snobs, better turn it into a recruiting station.

A good point was made in Whittaker's favor to-day by a couple of barbers, who testified that it would be impossible for a person to cut his own hair in the way in which the cadet's was found, and that a much larger pair of scissors had been used than he owned. The witnesses proved the truth of this by experiments on their own hair. Another 10 days' or so, it is thought, will end the taking of testimony, but to lessen the length of the trial as much as possible, the court adjourned to-day to the 18th of April.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

Collector Merritt has at last recovered from his surprise at his "promotion" to an inferior position, and has let it be known that he is very willing to stay where he is. His friends have forwarded to the President a petition of immense length, asking that he be retained in office in consequence of his successful administration of its affairs. As Mr. Merritt intimated some years ago that he would accept the London mission, he cannot very well decline it now, but all the same he is "working roots" to have it appear that his removal would be an injury to the New York Custom House. By means of this petition, signed by several thousand merchants and importers, he or his friends are trying to show that there is a universal wish for his retention here. It is even said that Sen. Conkling, who at first was anxious for Merritt's removal, would now be willing to compromise by having him remain. What the influence of such a petition as the above will probably amount to is shown by the following extract from one of the Administration journals of this City:

"We are sorry to say that most of our New York merchants will sign a petitition for the retention of any Collector who is in power. They did so for Collector Arthur's retention. And the Vice President knows how to get the same thing engineered for Collector Merritt, while, on the surface, it looks as though there was a spontaneous uprising of merchants. They go not, collectively, or in large numbers, "suprise" for anything, outside of their own business, spontaneously. And the same men who now petition to have Mr. Merritt retained, signed the like petition for Collector Arthur's retention, and through the same "machinery" and for the same object, viz: to prevent the President from getting a Collector of his own selection. Of course, Collector Merritt has to "fill it rains or it becomes warm enough to order out the sprinkling carts. The whole thing is a farce and will amount to nothing."

Pres. Garfield, however, is not likely to throw Judge Robertson overboard as he would have to do if Merritt is retained. The fight is sure to come, for neither the President or Sen. Conkling has taken "back down" about them. All sorts of absurd rumors come from Washington as to what the course of Garfield will be. One of them is that Judge Robertson is to be withdrawn, and the office "nationalized" by the appointment of Sen. David Davis, of Illinois. The only thing that gives a shadow of probability to this plan is that it would leave a vacancy in the Illinois delegation to be filled by a Republican Sen. Davis being an Independent. This, with the Senate equally divided, would be advantage enough to "square a square hole—as making a round peg fit a square hole—as making David Davis the Collector of New York would be. KELP.

A Correction.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Please correct the article on the seventh page of the WEEKLY BLADE, March 11, subject, "Whiter Than Snow," which is an exaggeration and calculated to cast a slur on the Christian religion. The facts are these, Jacob McFee, not "Wm. McAfa," attended the revival meetings *only once* on Wednesday evening. There was no unusual excitement nor any effort made in his behalf. Some of his actions were so unusual that some thought "Jacob was a little out of his head." Thursday and Friday he wished his friends to take care of him as he feared he was losing his mind, but as he was perfectly harmless little was thought of it. Saturday he went to Mr. Wolfe, with whom he had been working for a month or two in the Fall. Here he became much worse, and the idea got into his mind that he ought to kill some one, so that during the night he had to be watched. The cause of this ider, and perhaps of his insanity *undoubtedly* came from his excessive reading of *dime novels*, of which he has, so his father and brother both say, a trunk more than half full. It is counteffeit of reading these low class novels onto a revival meeting, or religious excitement.

F. N. BARNES.

Conlport, Cosbocton Co., O., April 9.

Relief for Dakota Sufferers.

WASHINGTON, April 12.—Gov. Ordway has received dispatches from Dakota to the effect that there is great danger of suffering among the people for want of supplies; that the railroads have ceased to run from the East to many localities. No trains have left Yankton for 14 days. Gov. Ordway took counsel of the Secretary of War, and he ordered that the people should be allowed to draw on army depots for supplies at Government prices, wherever there are any to be had. Suffering is reported already at Fort Pierre, where there are some stores, which, with those at Fort Sisabad, will be drawn upon for all points on the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Points on the Chicago & Northwestern Railway will be supplied from Fort Sully. Gov. Ordway telegraphed these facts to parties in Dakota.

Flowers in the Senate.

Mobile Register.

It was very shabby in the Republicans not to send David Davis a boquet when he voted with them the other day.

"Rough on Rats."

The thing desired found at last. Ask Druggists for Rough on Rats. It clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bed-bugs, 15c boxes.

That $15,000.

On the 9th of March *The News and Observer* announced that one-half of ticket No. 14,616 in the Louisiana State Lottery, which drew the capital prize of $30,000 in the drawing of March 8th, was held in Raleigh. Ever since that time the inquiries as to who was the lucky man have been constant, and no efforts have been spared to find him. Information came to us yesterday from a perfectly reliable source, that Mr. Peter M. Wilson, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, was the fortunate person. The news of Mr. Wilson's great good fortune will give general pleasure not only in this City, but in all parts of the State, for his friends are legion.—*Raleigh, N. C., News and Observer, March 31st.*

THE new Mechanical Lamp—greatest discovery of the age. No shade or chimney—absolutely safe. Warranted to give satisfaction or money refunded. Read advertisement in this issue.

HORRIBLE DEATH!

Ira W. Bemis, the Popular Conductor, Dies from Strangulated Rupture.

A Terrible Warning to Those Who Rely Upon Trusses.

[From the Vermont Union.]

On Thursday morning, Jan 27, Ira W. Bemis, conductor on the Passumpsic Railroad, died from strangulated hernia. He has worn a truss since a boy, but for many years past has been so careful that he had no trouble with the ill one. On Friday evening while oiling the brass instrument at Woodsville, his trouble was renewed, and he came home the next day in great pain. A physician was summoned, and everything possible, except an operation, was done to reduce the hernia but without effect. On Tuesday a consultation was held at Wells River, of Drs. Copeland, Cahoon and Hubbard, of Lyndon; Bullard, of St. Johnsbury, and Brown, of Wells River, which a correspondent of Mr. Bemis's family, to whom the operation was performed by Dr. Bullard, and it was the opinion of the doctors that he could not recover. He rallied somewhat, was full of courage himself, and his friends for a time indeed to hope for his recovery; but it was otherwise ordered. Mr. Bemis was 40 years old, and has been in the employ of the Passumpsic Railroad some twenty-two or twenty-three years, and is quite well known to every one. Ira was not a very sociable man, but he was a popular conductor and always faithful to the employers. Those who were best acquainted appreciated his real merit, and he will be greatly miss d in the Passumpsic Valley. He leaves a wife and one child, a little girl about two years old.

There is a thousand in the same precarious situation that Mr. Bemis was for years, relying for safety from the horrible death which befell him upon the use of the same means, i. e., the injurious, insecure and fatal truss. Had Mr. Bemis provided himself with Dr. Sherman's treatment he would doubtless to-day be happy with his family and friends.

No one has ever yet died from strangulation who was the fortunate possesor of Dr. Sherman's treatment. No wonder his patients are so exultant over the relief and cure he affords them. Now is the time, not to-morrow, for the afflicted to avail themselves of his skill and remedies to avert the sad fate poor Mr. Bemis met with. He fell safe with his truss: others may feel so, too, but his fate is a warning that none should overlook.

Dr. Sherman may be consulted at his principal office, 251 Broadway, New York, on Saturdays, Mondays and Tuesdays, and at his branch office, 43 Milk street, Boston, on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays of each week. His book he mails to those sending 10 cents, containing proofs of his successful treatment and other valuable information.

E. G. RIDEOUT & CO.'S

SOLID ALUMINIUM GOLD CASED WATCHES

THE BEST WATCHES IN AMERICA.

THE cases of these Watches are made from a metal discovered in Switzerland, February 10th, 1878, and we are now introducing it for the first time in this country. Aluminium is the only metal discovered that keeps its color and never tarnishes. It costs more than other so-called metals, the foundation of which is brass and grows black after a short time. Our Aluminium cases contain a percentage of pure gold, without which no metal can be made that will keep its color. Lifelong experiments have disclosed the fact that a certain percentage of gold used in conjunction with several other metals, will produce a metal equal in appearance and durability to pure gold, though not of the same intrinsic value. The works of these Watches, like the works of all our watches, are of the best make of American Watches. The cases so closely resemble gold, both in density and color, that no mass of jewellers can detect the difference. They retain their brilliancy as long as gold. They are jeweled and warranted, and are taken at the other price. Moreover, all these watches are worth $200. Previous to September last we sold them at exactly $200, but owing to the success of our coins, and they had abundant opportunities for examining them.

Beautiful and well-finished Aluminium Gold Cased Watches, $3, $4, $5

The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Home Troubles.

VII.

The following is a portion of a very indignant letter signed "Maryland Girl" which we publish right here because it bears so closely upon what we were intending to say this week:

I have been reading your "Home Troubles" in the BLADE of March 17. I read with much indignation your advice to a poor woman, whose husband was cold and unloving. Why you should always put the blame on woman, I cannot tell. Can you not credit man with a little common sense? Is there any reason he should always be pleased and petted? Has he no part to perform? Is he never careless in his appearance, or, worse still, his habits? And is woman to be wholly subject to his whims and caprices? If the neglect of her toilet should bring such a wonderful change, and cause man to be so selfish and unloving, don't you think, were he a man, he would have the courage to tell her the cause of his growing coldness, or think you his modesty would forbid him telling her to comb her hair or put on a clean collar?

"Maryland Girl" evidently writes under the supposition that we are a "cruel, cruel man" instead of being a woman like herself, but one who has seen enough of life to know that humanity is never faultless, and that the truest friend is that one who tries faithfully and earnestly and yet lovingly to lift us up to a higher plane of thought and action than we occupy, thereby increasing our chances of happiness both in this world and the next. Women gain nothing by persisting in being regarded as angels, without shadow of fault. There are those who keep the "whiteness of their souls" until death, those who battle victoriously with every temptation that surges over them, but by far the greater part have hours of weakness which increase upon them the oftener they yield to the pressure.

Full well do we know that all—that not even a majority of the unhappy homes in our land result from woman's faults alone. Full well do we know that men are too often selfish, hasty and careless when they should be gentle, thoughtful and loving. A man wins to his heart and home a fair young girl to whom he seems little less than a god. He has spoken in all the happy days of their courtship no words save those of admiration and adoration. She becomes his wife happy in the belief that in his eyes she is faultless, the one woman out of all the world for him, the pearl which has no speck to dim its radiance in his sight. She has little idea of the trials she must inevitably encounter, the responsibilities she must assume.

How is it with the husband? The marriage festivities over, and returned from the wedding tour, he prepares to settle down to the practical work of life. With no thought of how the change from the devoted attentions of the lover to the absent mindedness of the husband absorbed in business will affect her, he too often forgets the loving word and fond caress which are all the world to her, and whose absence, in her thought, betokens failing and fading love. She is his, his wife. Why should he trouble himself to tell her that he loves her, a thing which she ought to know without its repetition. So he reasons, if he thinks about it at all,—more likely the matter never occurs to him—and he goes carelessly on, all unheeding that he is giving the death blow to her warm, glowing faith and love in him, chilling the bounding, joyous hopes with which she entered her married life, and laying the foundation for years of misery for both. And then when the day comes that he wakes up to the fact that her affection has died, that she has become a nervous invalid, a fretful querulous woman, or is untrue to him, no thought that upon him rests the blame comes to his mind. He does not recognize the result of his own selfishness, that he has marred his own life and hers most brutally, even if unmeant.

Ah! friends, you that are husbands, if you would but remember that a woman's home-life is narrow, that her world lies within those walls, and if it prove chilly and cheerless, her days must be dreary, that an affectionate look and word will brighten her toil for you and your children, and make it a labor of love, you would not allow yourselves to grow, even in manner, cold and careless to the woman who placed her whole future so trustingly in your hands.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Important Subject Considered.

Notwithstanding "Patience Ridderhood's" suggestion, made some weeks ago, that the members of THE HOUSEHOLD take up a new list of questions for discussion, they seem loath to give up their consideration of the trials of overworked wives and mothers. The struggles of the Woman's Rights advocates and trials of seekers for an answer to the great question, "what shall I do to get married?" still claims their almost undivided attention. I turned from THE HOUSEHOLD again this week much disappointed to find no answer to her question offered as a substitute for some of their threadbare ones. When woman does the the work of a man as well if not better than he, why does she not receive the same compensation, since it is a question in which all women must be more or less interested.

Assuming that P. R. means men's work in special directions as teaching, book-keeping, etc. and not as a whole the answer becomes comparatively easy.

Careful investigation shows us that in all countries it is the rule and not the exception to place the average wages of women lower than those of men, and also gives a glimpse of the possible cause. We find that legislation neither creates nor sustains this condition of affairs nor does public sentiment encourage it. There must be a law somewhere in which it has its birth and finds its perpetuation.

Much oppression in the matter of wages of both men and women results from the abuse of power in the hands of ignorant and unprincipled men, but these individual cases neither establish nor overthrow the law to which I allude, a law easy to find by the candid observer and impossible to set aside, viz., that that instrument or agent of labor which has the higher value and greater capabilities shall command the greater return for use and operation. Nature's nice division of laborers into three classes, men, women and children is one which we may legitimately observe. There are some points undoubtedly in which woman is superior to man, but man is certainly her superior as a laborer, endowed with a larger, stronger and more hardy frame, and free from many of the disadvantages which woman, as a laborer, must encounter, and, if she attain any degree of success, overcome. In agriculture he clears the forests, breaks up the land, cultivates and reaps. He prepares the material for houses and builds them, lays railroads over the continent, furnishes and operates them, builds ships and navigates them; in short, the great work of production and commerce is carried on by man exclusively. Does woman engage in the work of production she only uses the means provided her by man's skill and ingenuity? It is these incontrovertable facts which place the value of woman as a laborer below that of man.

It is generally conceded that women are as good and often better teachers than men, yet as a rule they do not receive the wages paid men in the same position. We may feel that they ought to have, but only in exceptional cases will they have.

We may fret over or fight against this condition of affairs, or appeal, as do many, to the generosity of men, all in vain. Justice, not generosity or courtesy, holds the scale, and determines that man as the most capable and valuable laborer shall receive most for his time.

Understand, this is not a question of individual labor of either sex, but the worth of woman as a laborer at large.

There are many kinds of work that girls can do as well as women. Are you willing that, because this girl can do as much and as well at her particular kind as you could, that she should receive a woman's wages? No! Her just wages are those which her value as a *general* laborer will command, and this "though she does her work as well, if not better, than you could"—at her particular work—falls far below yours as a woman.

As legislation has not established this law neither can it destroy. No new power assumed by or bestowed upon woman will aid her to overthrow it. Her value as a laborer is limited, and, as this is the only just way of deciding the remuneration due any instrument of labor, her wages must be circumscribed in like proportion. When woman can compete in the manly arts with men, when she can invent and construct, as well as operate, then we may abandon this vexed question, and accord to men and women equal wages in any employment; but until that time women must be satisfied with wages commensurate with their present value.

I wish I might show you the other side of this question—one infinitely more pleasant and encouraging—but have already, I fear, occupied too much space. I may only remind you that, in the realm of creative art, where the mind and not the body becomes the instrument of labor, woman becomes man's equal. History and observation furnishes us many examples, prominent among which stands the name of George Eliot, of whom, a man himself, a scholar, has written:

"It seems to us almost impertinence to compare with this woman any masculine author, who has addressed an English audience through the medium of a novel," and Mary Clemmets writes:

"It is sacrilegious to compare her power with that of any of her cotemporaries, in her own sphere of thought it so far transcends them all."

Wooster, Ohio. M. S. S.

We give THE HOUSEHOLD this letter—although its length almost condemned it to the waste basket—because it contains some ideas regarding a vexed question worthy of careful consideration. We hope some good thinker among our friends will answer it. We shall be glad to hear from M. S. S. again, but will have to request for want of room solely, a briefer communication.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Words from "Alcyone."

Moles may be removed by applying a solution of nitric acid. As this is a poison, it should be handled carefully, and should be applied with a small stick, being careful not to touch any part except the mole. The application should be made once or twice a day until the mole dries up and falls off. A mole near the eye should not be taken off except by a physician.

I have heard that equal parts of kerosene and camphor, cut with alcohol, will cure corns and chilblains.

Lemon juice is excellent for the complexion. Apply it full strength, unless it smarts the skin too badly. In half an hour bathe the parts in warm soft water. Continue this treatment as long as convenient, and at the same time drink freely of lemonade.

When re potting plants care should be taken to place a few pebbles or small sticks at the bottom of the jars for drainage. Procure some chip dirt, in which there is a mixture of sand, to prevent packing. Put a layer of this dirt at the bottom of the jar, then a layer of manure, then fill the remainder of the jar with dirt. Some think best to bake this earth before using, in order to kill all insects. Tuberose bulbs should be planted in jars about the first or middle of April. They may be procured of almost any florist for 10 cents per bulb. Plant in July or August for Winter flowering.

Has "K. B." ever tried brimstone for the seed wart. If not, wet the brimstone end of a match and rub the wart thoroughly. It may be best to first pick the wart until tender, before applying the brimstone. This remedy has been effectual in many cases. But if the wart is large it may require steady treatment.

Some one asks how to cook egg plant. One good way is to peel the fruit, and slice rather thin. Let stand in a weak solution of salt and water for an hour or two. Then fry in butter or fresh lard at least half an hour. Make a batter of eggs and flour, and dip the slices in it. Then return to frying pan till the batter is well cooked. This is a favorite dish of ours, and is a substitute. "ALCYONE."

Box 46, St. Charles, Mich.

The Well-Selected Library.

I was much interested in "Monroy's" letter of the 10th, and, as no one replied I will offer a list of books, most, if not all of which, should be in every well selected library:

1. BOOKS OF REFERENCE—A good dictionary, either Webster or Worcester's unabridged; Anthon's Classical Dictionary; Freeman's "Outline of History," and Chamber's Encyclopedia, best edition with maps and plates if possible.

2. HISTORIES—"Egypt 3,300 Years Ago; or, Rameses the Great," by F. DeLanoye; Rawlinson's "Ancient Monarchies," abridged; Histories of Greece and Rome, by either Smith or Goodrich; Hallam's "Middle Ages"; Green's "England"; Goodrich's "France", Bayard Taylor's "Germany"; Irving's "Conquest of Grenada," and Redpath's "United States." If something more complete is desired, I would recommend instead, Mariette's "Egypt"; Grote's "Greece"; Rawlinson's "Ancient Monarchies," complete; Morrison and Gibbon, taken together, of "Rome;" Knight or Hume and Macauley taken together, "England;" Guizot's "France"; Menzel's "Germany," and Bancroft's "History of the United States."

3. BIOGRAPHY. "Plutarch's Lives," also good biographies of such men as Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Clay, Webster, Patrick Henry, Lincoln, Sumner, Napoleon, Cromwell, Frederick the Great and Charles XII, of Sweden.

4. POETRY. First Shakespere; no library is complete without it. He has been the universal favorite among the literary stars of modern times. It is said of Charles Sumner that he kept a copy of it on his desk inscribed "The Book." Also Milton, Pope, Wordsworth, the great Poet of Nature," Tennyson and Mrs. Browning. Ruskin says: Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh" is, as far as I know, the greatest poem which the century has produced in any language." Of American poets you should have Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant and J. G. Holland's "Kathrina," "Bitter Sweet" and "Mistress of the Manse." The first named of Holland's, especially, as it has a larger circulation than any other American poem. Add Holmes, Saxe and Bret Harte to this list. Many other English and American poets are very readable, but the above will make a very desirable collection. If a larger share of poetry is preferred, I would suggest the addition of such British poets as Scott, Burns, Moore, Keats, Hood and Campbell; of Greek, Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey" either Bryant or Pope's translation, we prefer the former; of Roman Virgil and Horace; of Italian, Tasso and Dante; of German, Goethe and Schiller. I will conclude the list another time. BOOKWORM.

To Action.

Do you ever, ladies, get discouraged, and your work seems a burden heavier than you are able to bear? If so bestir yourself at once to go at that part which is easiest to do, and get interested in it, and before you are aware your energies begin to arise, as by some magic power, and new life and vigor will displace all dark forebodings, and your work will easily be done. People often suppose they are sick and that they are in need of medicine, when it is only a lack of ambition, and they have let some trouble prey upon their minds which has nearly extinguished the last spark of self independence, and by yielding to the blow, they are sinking in despair. Rouse to action. Man may have reason for calling woman *weak*, for too many waste their energies, and bury their talents instead of making the improvement they might. Read useful books and cultivate a taste for the same in your children. You who are the "lucky ones of earth" read politics, and know about the laws by which you as well as man are governed, and be no longer looked upon as an underling.

If strong be the minds of our mothers, her sons (and daughters) shall make laws for the people LOUIX.

A Leading Question.

Readers of THE HOUSEHOLD, do you think women have their just dues? For a sample, when a husband dies the wife can only have her third of the property, and the children the rest. Who has done the most in helping to get the comforts of life, wife or children? I fail to see the justice of this. Where the mother is taken the father holds all; the children can get nothing until he is gone. If the husband is taken first, and leaves no heirs, the wife can only have one-half, and his folks can take the rest. If she dies first the husband gets all. It is right for the children to have their rights in life; but why can't the wife have the right to hold all of the husband's property when he is gone, as well as for him to hold all? Is there any one of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD who can tell me who made this law? I hope it will soon be changed, and it will be, too, when women have their right to make the laws, and then both men and women will have equal rights; and I hope and trust that day is not far distant. And if I could see the editor of THE HOUSEHOLD, I would give her a hearty good shake of the hand, for I know that no man ever wrote such articles. Ever a friend of THE HOUSEHOLD,

INDEPENDENCE.

David City, Butler Co., Neb.

Expressions of Opinion.

"Mother," South Toledo, O., writes:

"I am living in a house that has no blinds on the windows, and I wish some one to tell me what kind of curtain I can make that will darken the room, and that will be pretty and cheap. I would like to tell the mothers to use buckwheat flour in place of powder starch, or anything of the kind for babies. I have found it much more healing than anything else I have ever tried."

"Maybe" Virginia Dale, Col., writes:

"The article on "Home Troubles' in the BLADE of March 10th, which I have just been reading seemed so very true and good that I could not resist the temptation to write and say "that so." It appears to me it touches the foundation cause of more than two thirds of the unhappy married lives so many are dragging out. My own domestic happiness came near being wrecked, and only the firm determination to hide my own aching heart, and make the best of what life still offered me saved my home from complete ruin. Since then how much light has come to me, showing me that my own folly and weakness was causing my trouble instead of the loss of my husband's love and esteem. A few words in some notes on a Sunday School lesson helped me a great deal. They were "that most people thought a great deal more of *getting* a blessing than of *being* a blessing." Oh, sad hearted wives and mothers put aside the thought of *getting* a blessing and try with all your hearts *to be* a blessing in your married lives and the blessing will surely come to you, far beyond anything you have dared to hope for.

I was heartily pleased with "Monroy's" article, and shall look for more on the same subject, also a good sensible answer to the suggestion that professed Christians ought not to vote.—MAYBE, Virginia Dale, Col.

"H. L." La Plata, Mo., says:

"I agree with "Observer" as far as being industrious is concerned, but I hardly agree with him when it comes to housekeeping, for I think any girl with good common sense will not go beyond her means, and any man that would not give his wife enough to fix her house up with ought not to have a wife. You cannot make a house look nice if you have nothing in it."

"An Old Schoolma'am" thus expresses herself:

"I think "Panza" is a little too severe about the system of our public schools. I would like to ask her how is it that our world is more enlightened to-day than it was 50 years ago, if they learned faster in former days? And this thing of an old-fashioned spelling-class. One misspells one word; another spells it and goes above. That is the last that is ever thought of the word. But if it is written the pupil will never fail to look for it and learn the correct way it is spelled."

"Lucy Short," Clermont, Iowa, writes in regard to "Marrying for Homes:"

"The rich man's dollar will procure for the frivolous wife the vanities of this life which will be quite enjoyable for a time, but farther on she will long for the real and substantial enjoyments that none possess save those who are wedded in love and pure affection for each other. The songsters sit mute and still in their golden cage that's well provisioned, while the birds of freedom sing the whole day through searching for food."

"E. Brodie," Churchville, N. Y. says:

"I have heard some intelligent ladies speak bitterly about the ignorant Irish voters. Now I don't feel so; I think their ignorance is more their misfortune than their fault. In time many of them will think and act differently. I have more sympathy for them, being foreign myself. I come from the land of the Leal. But I wish we had the right to vote, for we could do much to vote down the liquor laws."

"Aunt Sarah," Charloe, O., says:

"Some one was asking last Winter for a remedy for chapped hands. There were quite a number of cures offered, but I did not see mine which is the best of all, I believe: Take the raw yolk of an egg and rub it on the hands at night, and in the morning wash it off in warm soft water, using no soap. It is the best cure I ever tried and I have tried many. Are any of the housekeepers troubled with having the juice of fruit pies running out while baking? Wet with water the edge of the under crust and then put the upper crust on and trim both off together. It will "hardly ever" run out after that."

"Nannie" writes of her idea of a home:

"Some one has said, 'if your husband does not vote to suit you, set yourself at work to bring him over, for when a woman storms the fort she generally wins the victory.' Now, (figuratively speaking,) how much real home comfort has been destroyed by battering down the walls of peace that surround otherwise pleasant homes, by this storming of the fort, and then farewell to home happiness. I think, however different opinions may be in regard to politics, religion, or other topics of controversy, let each respect the other's views in such a manner that those walls may not fall by the mere difference of opinion.

"Silverton," Kansas, sends a glowing letter in defense of his State, saying among other things:

"Two men here have farms side by side, and they both have lived here the same length of time. One man has the most of his farm under cultivation, and has a fine peach and apple orchard growing and is prosperous generally, and that man is a thorough business farmer. The other man lives in an old house, and has no orchard, nor anything. And 'that' man, what is he? Well, he goes to the postoffice and talks over the 'hard times,' trades horses, and bewails his fate for having to live in 'such a place.' Now I ask, is it the country's fault that that man does not prosper?"

S. A. B. Vestaburgh, Montcalm Co., Mich., writes:

"In Montcalm Co., Mich., there is in market, at prices ranging from $2 to $8 per acre, land from which the pine timber has been taken for shipment. Much of it had but little pine, and the soil is very productive, most having a clay subsoil varying from one to two feet below the surface, and some having gravel subsoil. I have had a wide knowledge of farming lands in many States, and came to Michigan, and I am making a home on soil from which most of the pine has been taken as a matter of choice. I think we get a more perfect maturity of crops on these lands than most where hard wood grows. Any one who wants further information, write to the address given above, adding box 50."

"Tez," Jordan, Wis., says:

"I sort of believe in marrying for money, for without money any one does not amount to much in this world. (I suppose it makes no difference in the world to come.) It surely will not hurt a man to get a cage before he gets his bird. I think there ought to be a law passed that no man should get married before he was able to support a woman, for in about nine cases out of ten they are not. 'Rex' says there are lots of well-to-do young men out there, and all they want is a help mate to make them perfectly happy. Girls must be scarce out there."

"Twig," Solon, Mich., asks:

"Will some one tell me her method of preventing whispering in school? I have tried having the pupils report at night, whether they have whispered during the day, but do not feel satisfied with the result. I fear many of them are like the little girl who said, 'I can't 'member,' only, perhaps, they say it mentally, and then give themselves the benefit of the doubt. I think we ought to teach right principles, as well as the rules in grammar and arithmetic."

"Idlewild" writes:

"I desire to speak on a matter that was, I believe, discussed some time ago, but I was, unfortunately, not a subscriber then. The problem is what shall we do to be amused, we who do not dance and play cards? When our friends drop in we like to amuse them. Music is good, but we cannot resort to that alone. In romping plays we do not care to join, and conversation sometimes lags. What must we do to be saved?

"Laura Dean" sends greeting from the "Golden State:"

"We have had such a warm, beautiful Winter, when reading of the cold in the Eastern States, I wished, Oh, so much, that I could have you all here. I am sitting now where I can look out on hundreds of acres of green waving grain. Our orchard is all in blossom and the flowers in bloom. I went out in the fields to day and gathered a bequet of wild flowers. We have had very little fire all Winter and the doors open most of the time. But I think I like the mountains the best of all, the grand old mountains; I never tire looking at them.

"Rosebud" says, *apropos* of "Pennsylvania Blonde's" remarks:

"My home was on a farm while in New York, and I often then, when necessary drove the horses to a reaper, harrowed, etc. and once took my place as one to pitch bundles of wheat to the thrashers. Father could get no more help than we had already. I was proud instead of ashamed, to think I could help when needed. I lost my dear mother last June, and feel thankful to her every day to think that she taught me how to do all kinds of housework, for if necessary now I can go to work. Have had a piano for 13 years, and, of course can play. Can crochet, make feather flowers, worsted work; also lots of other things."

J. G. Steedmen, Texas, gives his method of keeping records in school as follows:

"I first write the scholars' names, then assign to each a number. At time of roll call, I, on the first day, read each name and number; afterwards only the numbers, as No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, etc. Instead of making a mark for each day of presence, I only mark the days of absence; a blank space showing presence. A saving of time may also be had by marking examination papers on the same plan, *i. e.*, it is easier to add what the pupil lacks in each case of being perfect, and subtract the sum from 100, than to add what he stands in each case. 5 + 2 + 5x8x4 equals 14; 100—14 equals 86, is easier than 8x5x7x6x10x10x10x10x10x10 equals 86."

"A Western Wife" says:

"I should think 'Peggy Short' or any one who writes as she did about her husband would, (if she had any love or respect for him at all) blush when the item returned in the columns of the paper to think she had so far forgotten her duty as wife and helpmate. I don't think any wife who cares for her husband would write thus, or any husband who cares for his wife would say 'I wish you would have the cows milked when I get home.' I think if he asked her to do all of that and then complained of being tired when he returned he ought to be a Western farmer, but she ought not to publish his faults. I have been a wife almost seven years and I like to see to the stock when my good man is away and to have the chores done when he comes home so we may have the evenings together, and I never find it time lost for he does as much in return; and then I think we should work for each other."

"Ann Illiterate Rustic," Red River Valley, Dakota, says truly:

"Are women merchantable that so much is being said about 'enough to go round?' It occurs to me that every man worthy to become a husband must have in his circle of acquaintances, some lady friend who knows his moral worth and would consent to share his home. No doubt there are many good, respectable young men living recluse lives who would make a companion happy. But I think such need not, and will not resort to advertising for a wife."

"Brunette" writes:

"I am much obliged for the comments the members of THE HOUSEHOLD made on my other letter, but my opinion is the same now as before. But as I imagine the editress is gray headed *now* from reading so many opinions, I will say nothing further on the subject through the paper, but if any of you Eastern girls want to write to me, I can argue with you for a month. I would like to shake hands with 'Penn. Blonde,' and a few others who coincided with my 'opinion.' I would like to hear more on the subject of flowers, as I am going to try to have a little conservatory of my own this Summer. I also am anxious to learn to play second to a violin, on an organ, and hope some good 'second' will give me the desired information. Any letter addressed to 'Brunette,' Box 79, Philo, Champaign Co., Ill., will safely reach me."

J. E. Morgan, Middleton, Kan., writes:

"Please give 'Jessie Lee' my compliments for so logical an opinion on the rights of society, or right to precedence. This is the reasoning I have always maintained, and 'Jessie' is the first one that has ever brought it out in print, though she might have gone further. If a lady should propose, would it effect any consummation? Or in other words, were a gentleman apt to accept, would he not be just as apt to propose?"

Inquiries.

What kind of corn is best adapted for making molasses in Northern Kansas? What kind of machinery is mostly used, and what kind of corn is most profitable for sugar? Will some one give me some information concerning it?—A. C. BENNETT, Upland, Kan.

I want to subscribe for a child's paper for my two little ones, but can make no selection as I am acquainted with none save the "Youth's Companion" which I took when a little girl. Will some one please advise me in regard to the matter? I want one that will be instructive, both morally and intellectually, as well as amusing. Neither one of my children are able to read yet but they are very fond of stories. My little "three year old" will set quite still for an hour at a time and listen, providing I will address my reading principally to her, in which case she responds with a little nod at the end of each sentence. I endeavor to select the very best reading matter that I possess for their entertainment, but have not enough. Hence this request.—H.

For children so young "Our Little Ones" issued by the Russell Publishing Company, Boston, is excellent. The editor is the well known "Oliver Optic." Then there is "The Nursery" published at 36 Bromfield street, Boston. For little folks slightly older *nothing* can be better than "St. Nicholas" issued by Scribner of New York, and "Wide Awake" published also in Boston. All are first class publications.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

I would like to get two poems that went the rounds of the newspapers 15 or 20 years ago. The first entitled (I believe), "That is well,' says I." It represents the meeting of two old friends who talk somewhat in the Bret Harte style. It closes with:

"That is well," says I. 'Not well," says he; "for what is best,
My scolding wife is gone with the rest."

The other poem, I think, was entitled, 'Sporting the Wind" or "Winnowing the Wind," and was said to have been written by a medium while in a trance.—W. W. TRUE, McConnelsville, O.

I would like some one to give a remedy for breaking chickens of breaking and eating their eggs, also to tell the name of the best kind of chickens to raise for laying purpose.—MRS. GILBERT COMBES, Wasburn, Ill.

The habit has probably been formed through a lack of lime in the food of the chickens, which then laid soft-shelled eggs. These were easily broken, and thus a taste for egg-eating was formed. Dr. Carlin recommends in his "Recipe Book" that crushed oyster or clam shells or bone dust should be kept where the fowls can have easy access to it. A small piece of lime in the drinking water is advisable. He also says that Cochins and Brahmas are among the best if not *the* best layers, especially in Winter.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.

I recently saw a letter from Missouri written by "Daisy." Would she oblige me by giving her real name, as I would like to address her in regard to the land and climate.—SARAH M. BURNS, Memphis, Macomb Co., Mich.

I would like to ask information as to how many bushels of rye is required per acre to sow. Also please inform me what concentrated saltpeter is.—T. W.

I would be grateful to "Aunt Inez" if she will write more fully how to starch and do up shirt bosoms, and what is the best kind of polish to use. My husband has made me a shirt board and bought me a polishing iron. I bought me a box of Dobbins electric starch polish, (out did not like it at all,) and yet I cannot do them to suit me.—W. W. T.

I wish to know where the "Ladies' Guide," a practical system for cutting ladies' dresses and basques and boys' coats, by Mrs. A. Kemp, can be procured. Also if they are patented.—M. D. WOLFE.

I would like to know if among the 75,000 readers of the BLADE some one or more would please inform me how to destroy "corns."

I have unsuccessfully tried the following: Washing Soda, Gum Arabic Mucilage, Carbolic Acid, Skin of potato, (boiled,) Lemon, Oil of Vitriol and Spirits of Turpentine, Susquiodide Chloride of Iron, and the corn says "I still live."—JOS. TURNER, I. T. C.

Answers to Inquiries.

It is said that "Helen" and others who have inquired for remedies to remove freckles, spots and all skin diseases may find an effectual one by sending for his Malvina Cream and Lotion to Prof. Hubert, Toledo, O.

If the person who wishes a cure for canker sore mouth will write to Miss Anna H. Wylie, Mount Vernon, Jefferson Co., Ill., enclosing a three-cent postage stamp, I will send a recipe which I have tried a great many times, and it proved a certain cure. It is also good for a sore throat.—ANNA H. WYLIE.

Please tell "F. H. D." to get three cents worth of tannin at the drug store, as it will cure canker sores in the mouth. Moisten the finger and put it in the tannin, then touch it to the canker. I know from experience that it will cure.—MRS. MINER.

If "A. P. McF." who asks for information as to homesteads will send his address to Box 6, St. Croix Falls, Polk County, Wisconsin, he will get all the information he wants. There are two land offices here one mile apart, for Wisconsin and Minnesota, St. Croix.

To all who are troubled with the hair falling out, or with dandruff on the scalp, which usually causes the hair to become dry and dead and to fall out, I would say, get 4 cent's worth of borax, put in a bottle that will hold 1 qt., and fill with soft water. Use this for shampooning the head as often as once a week, not using any kind of oil or hair dressing, only pure soft water, rubbing the scalp well, wetting the roots of the hair thoroughly every morning, and see how many weeks before your hair will be soft and glossy.—MRS. M. F. M., box 112, Annada Mich.

"Millie W. Hill." My experience teaches me that the yellow canary birds are not as good singers as those part linnet.—M. F. M.

To clean zink, rub on fresh lard, then with another woolen cloth, rub this off with vinegar till bright.

For starched fringe of tidies, etc., instead of straightening the fringe after ironing, fold the article, so that all the fringe will be together in a line, dip fringe in hot water, shake well, fold in the ironed creases and place on smooth surface to finish drying.—IBBIE, Montana.

If Fanny H. Scott will try this recipe for removing grease from woolen or cotton goods, I think she will find it satisfactory. Mix 1 pt. of gasoline, 1 tablespoonful of salt, 1 tablespoonful of alum. Let stand 24 hours; drain and bottle tight. Apply with sponge and rub briskly.

If Miss Annie Lorring will take an ear of corn and roast it in the fire until it is black, then steep it and drink the tea every time she wants to drink and when that is gone make some more and continue to drink it for a few weeks, I think it will cure the heart-burn.—B. M. J.

To prevent bugs from eating melons and cucumber vines plant a bean in every hill. I think you will find it a sure remedy.—LYDE.

I have been very much annoyed, for the last five or six years, by what is called liver spots on the face, but I don't think my liver is out of order, as my health is and always has been very good indeed, and am of rather happy disposition. I had used enough medicine to renovate any liver, both inwardly and outwardly. Have had advice from good physicians, but all in vain. Can any of THE HOUSEHOLD help me?—LINA.

Recipes.

GINGER SNAPS, SUCH AS WE BUY.

1 cup sugar, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup butter, (or if that article is scarce), the same amount of meat frying, 1 tablespoonful ginger, 1 teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in a little water, and as much flour as can possibly be stirred in (not kneaded); pinch off a piece about the size of a large marble, and roll in the hands, leaving a space between them in the pan to allow for spreading, which they will do when warm; bake in a moderate oven till a nice brown, and leave in the pan till they cool sufficiently to be snappy, which will be in a short time; to warm the ingredients will facilitate the stirring; if the dough stands a day it will not hurt.

A nice recipe for tired cooks; can sit down and roll out or leave for convenience; they will keep good a year.—L. T. C.

BOILED PUDDING.

If "Aunt Axie," for a rolled dumpling, will take the biscuit dough, and instead of the usual shortening, take finely chopped beef suet, roll the dough a quarter of an inch thick or less, spread with sweetened cranberries, boil, tied in a cloth, an hour and a half, and eat with cream and sugar, she will find it excellent.—IBBIE, Montana.

IRISH POTATO PIE.

1 lb. of mashed potatos, 2 cups of sugar, ¾ lb of butter, 6 eggs well beaten, juice of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoonful of nutmeg, same of mace. Bake without top crust.—H. C. M.

HOMINY CROQUETTES GOOD.

To a cupful of hominy add a tablespoonful of melted butter. Stir well, adding a cupful of milk till all is made soft and light. Add a teaspoonful of white sugar and 1 egg. Roll into oval balls with floured hands, dip into the beaten eggs then cracker or bread crumbs and fry in hot lard.—H. C. MARLIN, Iowa.

RUSKS.

Some one asked for a recipe for rusks. I give mine which I think excellent: Six large potatos, 1 qt. buttermilk, 1 cup of sugar, 1 cup of lard, ½ cup of yeast, 2 eggs, salt to taste, flour to make a stiff batter; let stand over night; in the morning mix into dough, let rise, then knead into rusks, let rise again, then bake in a moderate oven.—C. B., Seward, Neb.

A CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.

A sure cure for diphtheria or any kind of sore throat or mouth: The bark of a very common shrub known as "Dogmackimus" here. It grows in low grounds and resembles the young sprouts of dogwood. A decoction made of the bark mixed with a little alum, will remove the canker immediately, and heal the worst sore mouth or throat in two or three days.

CORN BREAD WITHOUT YEAST.

One pt. sweet milk, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 4 tablespoonfuls of molasses, 1 tea cup of corn meal, 2 tea cups of graham flour. Steam 2½ or 3 hours.—MRS GUY C. JUDSON, Waterford, Erie Co., Pa.

SUET PUDDING

1 cup suet, chopped fine; 2½ cups flour; ½ cup raisins; ½ cup currants; ½ cup molasses; 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder and a little salt. Season with nutmeg, or something to suit the taste; bake one hour. Sauce—Water, 1½ pints; butter, size of a hen's egg; flour, 3 tablespoonfuls; sugar, ½ cup. Season same as pudding; put on the stove and let it come to a boil; serve hot.—MRS. M. E. B.

ENGLAND'S LAND ACT.

Synopsis of the Bill to be Introduced

LONDON, April 6.—It is expected that Gladstone's Speech introducing the land bill in the House of Commons to morrow will occupy three hours. It is anticipated the bill will provide under the head, sale of tenures, that every tenancy shall first be offered to the landlord, and the landlord may prohibit the sale of a tenancy where reasonable grounds exist. The question "what are reasonable grounds" may be referred to a Land Court.

When the landlords propose to raise the rents of a purchasing tenant, the latter may resell and shall be entitled to the demand from landlord capitalization equal to ten times the annual increase demanded. The sale of tenancy bars the claim to compensation for disturbance or the improvements, and the receipt of such compensation bars the right of sale.

Where a tenant desires an interest to his children, or other persons, only one of the devisees shall occupy the tenancy, the object being to prevent sub-division contrary to the wishes of the landlords. When a tenant accepts the increased rent proposed by the landlord, such tenant may not be disturbed for 15 years, during which time there shall be no eviction or compulsory increase of rent, except as the consequence of a breach of certain statuary conditions, but if the tenant declines the proposed increase and quits, he shall if he sells his holding, be entitled to receive from the landlord 10 times the amount demanded by the increase. The statuory conditions which bind the tenant above, are for the punctual payment of rent, a guarantee against waste, submission to ordinary rights of inspection, shooting, etc., and prohibition to sub let or divide without the written permission of the landlord.

The limitation in the land act of 1875 of compensation for disturbance to £250 will be replaced by a sliding scale; where the rent is under £50, the compensation will be seven years rent; where the rent is under £56, not exceeding five years rent; where the rent is £100 and upward, not exceeding three years rent. The act of 1870 will be further amended to fully protect the tenants' right for compensation for improvement. Where a tenant surrenders to a new tenant, at the landlords wishes, and takes a different holding, the act of 1870 relating to the compensation for improvements on eviction by title paramount is affirmed.

What is a fair rent may be decided by a Court on application of the landlord and tenant from time to time, during the continuance of the tenancy, but the Courts decision shall have no retrospective action. When the Court has fixed the rent there is to be no disturbance for 15 years.

This period of 15 years' security for the tenant occurs frequently in the bill, and is constituted the statuary term which must expire before a new term can begin, or new proceedings be had. The Civil Bill Court of the country is invested with equitable jurisdiction to meet cases where the landlord and tenant act unreasonably toward one another. It may punish the tenant by ordering him to pay the costs, for refusing to accept the terms the Court thinks reasonable; it may enable the landlord to resume a holding by ordering the tenant to sell his interest.

Where the landlord and tenant agree for a longer tenancy than the statuary 15 years, the Court will endorse the agreement and protect it as if it were for the statuary term. Where present tenancy are converted into fixed tenancy, the rent shall be subject to revaluation by the Court at intervals of not less than 15 years, and tenants shall not be evicted except upon a breach of the statuary conditions. The owner of an entailed estate may exercise rights as though he were absolute owner, except that he may not give fixed tenancy without the sanction of the Court of Appeals, which will be from the Civil Bill Court to the Assizes, and in special cases to the superior courts. In Dublin parties may arbitrate on agreement.

New York Streets will be Cleaned.

NEW YORK, April 7.—Mayor Cooper made an announcement yesterday of more than local interest. The Tribune says he has decided that if the pending bill, putting the street cleaning into his hands, becomes a law, to give the position of Superintendent of the Street Cleaning Bureau to Lieutenant Commander Gorringe, of obelisk fame. He does this for the reason that he believes Commander Gorringe is the man for the place, and it will set at rest the assertions that the Mayor is seeking the power which the street cleaning bill confers upon him for the purpose of building up a political following. Lieutenant Commander Gorringe when offered the position by the Mayor, said he would accept it if he could obtain the necessary leave of absence from the Secretary of the Navy. It would not be to his advantage, he said, to resign a life position to take one where he might not give satisfaction, or where the changes of politics might throw him out of a position in a year or two. He left this City for Washington last evening, to endeavor to obtain the necessary leave.

A poet sings of "A face bent over the banister." A face bent that way must be badly out of shape for a sweet smile.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Our Young Folks.

HANDEL.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

Bare and cold the garret chamber,
Gloomy with its shadows dim;
Hung with dusty, drooping cobwebs,
Drapery weird and grim.
Rattled loud the loosened casement,
Bleak the night-wind rose and fell;
In the pauses of its wailing
Tolled the midnight bell.

Suddenly, from out the shadows
Of the old, deserted room,
Came a strain of faintest music
Through the ghostly gloom.
Fiercer howled the wind, and stronger
Swelled the strain, exultingly,
Till there rolled among the rafters
Waves of melody.

While the night grew still to listen,
Soft and slow the music sighed,
And, in melting, minor measures,
Into silence died.
Say, what skilful, rapt musician,
In the lonely room apart,
Thus made glad the slumber midnight
With his wondrous art?

From the moon, now bright now hidden
In the clouds that crossed her way,
Through the misty garret-window
Shot a slender ray,—
Glanced upon an ancient spinet,
O'er whose keys, with dust defiled,
Ran the eager, dainty fingers
Of a little child!

Boy, in after years the master
Of all mighty harmonies,
With a more than childish rapture
In thy lifted eyes,—
Surely, in the garret chamber,
Dim with shadowy mystery,
While the world slept in midnight,
Angels talked with thee!

—*St. Nicholas.*

MY HERO.

I had but one hero in my childhood, and that was a brother whom I had never seen.

When I

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

Hog Disease.

At present there is a general commotion on the hog question in the United States, and while it may result in ultimate good, the fact is there is little or no cause for the present excitement. France, for some reason best known to herself, but not, it is believed, for the reason she has given, has seen fit to prohibit the importation of American pork. A noodle who holds the position of British Consul at Philadelphia, took it upon himself to inform the English Government that hogs were dying here by the wholesale, and amidst all the unaccountable actions of everybody and his friend, there is a deeper concern with reference to hog cholera and trichina than there ever has been when these were really most threatening. The fact is that there is evidence of less disease among hogs this Winter than there has been for several seasons. When disease exists to any great extent we are pretty sure to have complaints, and we have had very few this Winter.

But the hog disease, even when it does not exist, is worthy of our attention, not in the way that Congress and Legislatures seek to deal with it, by appointing a commission of men to travel over the State and country looking for sick hogs to nurse and dead ones to cut up; but rather that attention which will lead us to the root of the matter, which will be found in the manner of feeding and breeding. Commissions are useless; all the money that has been spent of late years to sustain them has been thrown away, and all that will be spent in that direction will be thrown away. The simple fact is that the constitution of our hogs has been weakened by the almost universal system of neglecting the muscular development for the sake of fat and form development. Our improved breeds have been forced from the beginning, like our improved breeds of cattle. Show animals have been extensively used for breeding purposes, and everybody knows how a show animal is made. When men have sought to purchase breeders, they have selected these forced animals, and would not consent to be satisfied with those of fine muscular development, but indifferently fattened; and so between the seller who rounded up his stock to make a fine appearance, and the buyer who thought only of present beauty, there is no sort of doubt that our hogs have become less hardy and less able to ward off the attacks of disease.

In this view of the case our improved breeds are more or less subject to ailments, nearly all of which for convenience or through ignorance are massed under the name of hog-cholera; and any of our swine are liable to fatal diseases, and will be until sufficient time elapses for building up the muscular system, and strengthening the constitution. Nor would it affect this position, if it were shown—which it cannot be—that the hog in its natural state is subject to all the diseases to which the domestic animal is subject. It cannot be denied that an animal system which is only partially developed, cannot bear what a system that is symmetrically developed will bear, and that is the end of any discussion that may arise upon the matter. But while it is true that there is more than a possibility of any of our hogs being attacked by a disease, it is a fact that swine which are properly fed are less liable than those which are not. Wherever special attention is directed toward developing the muscular system, and the animal is not fed on one sided food altogether, "cholera" is less prevalent. In our Western States it is corn, corn, corn. The hog looks well, but like a diseased fleshy man, it has no strength, no hardiness, no constitution, and when disease comes it is in prime condition to receive it. If National and contemplated State commissions could succeed in inducing our swine breeders to adopt a rational system of breeding and feeding, they might accomplish something.

So far as trichina is concerned the poor hog and his owner are forced to bear a good deal more than their share. The animal is sometimes the unfortunate harbinger of trichinæ, and by eating the pork people become infested. That is all true; but if the meat is prepared in a sort of civilized way there is no danger from that source. If people will persist in eating raw meat of any kind; they will expose themselves to danger. If it be pork they may find themselves inhabited by trichinæ; if it be beef, they may find themselves inhabited by tape worms. The preventive in either case will be found in cooking the meat. But it has been shown that the hog is by no means the only source of trichina supply. Fowls and even fish have been known to contain it, but somehow the hog, like the mule, is deemed a fit subject to outlaw and abuse under all circumstances. We should, of course, do what lies in our power to prevent the hog from becoming infected; and in observing this care it will aid us to know, or be reminded, that garbage fed hogs are the most liable to trichina. This is reasonable; they pick them up in the garbage just as chickens, which have become affected, have done. Hogs that are fattened on corn do not have trichina, and as all our Western hogs are so fattened, no one will suffer from eating Western pork that comes from our farms.—*Western Rural.*

Western Cattle.

As this is the season of harrowing reports of losses of cattle on our Western ranges, allow me to state a few facts. It has been found thoroughly practical to subsist domestic cattle perennially wherever, buffalo, wild game, and Indian horses formerly subsisted. The increased volume of cattle marketed each year from these ranges (extending from the one hundredth meridian west, and from the gulf north to the British Possessions), proves this to the satisfaction of any thinking mind.

The great losses reported are overdrawn, as a rule, and in almost every instance are the result of gross violation of principles which, when regarded, enable cattle to subsist with mere nominal losses. Nature adapts herself to her ends, and an animal grown upon a northern range is provided with a very thick hide and a coat of hair equal to a buffalo, and is also gifted with an instinct which enables it to successfully combat conditions which interfere with its safety. As long as dealers will insist upon stocking cold-climate regions with the thin-skinned, light-haired, Summer-grown cattle of Southern Texas they may expect to lose a heavy percentage of such cattle. The fact that even these often get through with comparatively light loss, or with the advantage of one season's acclimating are then handled successfully, is another evidence of the practicability of the enterprise of raising cattle. In addition to climatic influence another very important principle is violated by this course: When left to itself in Summer upon its native range the animal lays on a bountiful supply of fat as a safeguard against the season when conditions are less favorable to its subsistence, but when trailed in large herds for hundreds of miles together, unusually the greater portion of the Summer, it arrives upon the new range in thin condition, and easily succumbs to the unfavorable circumstances it encounters.

No more would the Northern-grown animal be suited to the Southern range, or the animal from the extreme Western ranges, where moist atmosphere and pen water prevail at most seasons, be suited to our mountain ranges where the opposite conditions exist. I would only say to those who contemplate engaging in the business, guard against extremes, and as nearly as possible stock your range with stock grown under circumstances similar to those prevalent where you locate. If it becomes necessary to procure stock from a distance, it may be done gradually by short drives and a season's rest, guaranteeing you acclimated stock and a safe investment. To further substantiate that cattle growing on these free ranges is a profitable business I need only refer to the success of men who have followed it judiciously. It will be found that the more nearly such have complied with the "common sense" principles named in this article the greater their measure of success. Some of the most successful having stayed in one good location, and from time to time purchased neighboring herds grown on the range where they wished to handle them. On the other hand serious losses in the majority of cases can be traced directly to the violation of the foregoing principles. The past Winter has been a cold one throughout the country, yet the old, wonted range cattle that went into the Winter fat are about in as good condition as in former years. There is some mortality among old animals, which we always expect.—*Cor. Chicago Times.*

Whole or Ground Grain.

Correspondents frequently ask us which is the better form of feeding grain, whole or ground? These questions are asked very indefinitely, and yet a practical reply is fondly expected by the innocent inquirers. It is about on a par with asking which is the best, a dollar piece or 10 ten cent pieces, for it depends upon circumstances in both cases, which would be the best.

The mere grinding of grain does not increase its intrinsic value one iota, though the expense of grinding a bushel takes just that much away from its dollars and cents value to be turned into flesh. This argument cannot be refuted, although it depends upon the uses to which it is desired to put the grain whether it pays the best to feed it ground or whole. For young chicks, which are too small either to eat the whole grain or to properly digest and assimilate it, the ground, crushed or cracked grain, is undoubtedly the best and most profitable to feed, while to fowls which are full grown and have unrestricted liberty on the farm, whole grain is the best for them, our experience assuring us that more profit is secured, in meat or eggs, in that form than in any other, though we are fully aware that authorities differ widely on the subject.

Where grain has to be taken to a distant mill to be ground or crushed, consuming considerable time, and costing a certain percentage of toll at the mill, we do not think it pays very well. There are, however, cheap mills manufactured costing from five dollars upwards, in which the farmer or poultry breeder can crush or grind all the grain his fowls need, and as this can be done at odd times or on rainy days, the cost is merely nominal.

For fowls in confinement, we do not advocate feeding too much grain, and assuredly not much crushed or ground food, either raw or cooked, for the simple fact that it being more rapidly digested and assimilated induces an undue and consequently unhealthy secretion of fat, which is not desirable in breeding birds, the tendency to lay on fat rapidly being increased by want of exercise. For these birds whole grain, for the main food, in the form of whole wheat, is the very best that can be given, as experience has proved it best for the laying fowls. Occasional food of other grains, in different forms, are desirable to prevent monotony, and thus insure the continued good health and profitableness of the poultry. In regard to cooked food, we were never in favor of it, except for fattening fowls.—*Poultry Monthly.*

A Cheap Poultry House.

Many beginners inquire about plans for cheap poultry houses for the accommodation of small flocks, but as it is difficult to suggest plans without knowing exactly the situation of each inquirer, we will give one for general purposes that is cheap and may meet the wants of some of our patrons. In selecting the situation for a poultry house, choose a dry, gravelly or elevated place, and, if possible on the south side of some building or the southeast side of some bank or hill. If the ground is level, plow around the site and throw the earth toward the center. A frame, ten feet by twelve feet, will accommodate a dozen hens and a cock nicely. If you intend to have an earthen floor, which, by the way, is the cheapest and best, it would be made by filling in with dry loam to the top of the underpinning and renewing the same frequently during the year. The front of the house should be lofty enough to admit the attendant without stooping, and the roof slanting and perfectly water tight by putting tarred felting under the shingles. The sides may be made by coarse boards, straight up and down, and the cracks battened. The inside should be lined with tarred paper, and on the south and southeast sides there should be two good sized windows, a door on the east side and a few square holes with slides at the bottom for egress and ingress of the fowls. The roosts should be made low, and the nest boxes placed in a quiet and secluded place. The dusting place should be where the rays of the sun would fall upon it, and the ventilators placed near the edge of the roof.—*Journal and Record.*

THEY CAN'T HAVE WINE,

Probably Because They Are Women.

NEW YORK, April 8.—From the Pall Mall Gazette of March 23:

A well known firm in Tottenham Court Road has, for some time past, been very anxious to procure a license to serve the 200 or 300 lady customers, who lunch daily in their establishment, with spirits, wine and beer. At present they can only supply tea, coffee, and similar beverages, much, it would seem, to the dissatisfaction of "their numerous ladycustomers," who for 20 years past have been unanimously pressing their claims upon them "for wine, beer and spirits." To meet the demands of these thirsty ladies, application was made yesterday to the St. Pancras Licensing Authority, but it met with a peremptory and decisive refusal. Sir W. Wyatt cut short the speech of the counsel opposing the application, and delivered judgment with emphasis, refusing to grant the license, and stating significantly "that he might add, to save trouble in the future, that the opinion of the bench was unanimous."

It is not very pleasant to think of two or three hundred ladies unanimously pressing for spirits, wine and beer every day, in however magnificent a lunch room, and it is to be hoped that the counsel exaggerated the demand for intoxicants among the fair frequenters of the Tottenham House, and that there will be no serious lamentation over a decision which condemns them when out shopping to take tea instead of brandy and to substitute Appolinaris water for Cliquot.

How They Bury Prisoners in Kentucky.

FRANKFORT, Ky., April 7.—Dr. J. Lampton Price, City Physician, visited the prison graveyard, which is situated in the eastern portion of the city, and found it to be a disgrace and a burning shame upon any civilized people. The exposed remains lying bare, and presenting a ghastly example of careless negligence on the part of prison officials. The top of the coffins are on an average 14 inches from the surface of the ground."

Gov. Blackburn, as chairman of the Board of Commissioners of the Sinking Fund of Kentucky, was served with notice that unless the shameful nuisance is abated within 48 hours warrants will issue from the Police Court against every member of the Board.

Profit, $1,200.

"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing $300 per year, totaling $1,200—all of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it, for their benefit."—*N. E. Farmer.*

The Sunday School.

Covetousness.

LESSON 4, SUNDAY, APRIL 24, 1881.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Take heed and beware of covetousness.—Luke 12: 15.

LESSON TEXT.

Luke 12: 13-22.

13. And one of the company said unto him, Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me. 14. And he said unto him, Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you? 15. And he said unto them, Take heed and beware of covetousness; for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. 16. And he spake a parable unto them saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully. 17. And he thought within himself saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits? 18. And he said this will I do, I will pull down my barns and build greater, and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. 19. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry. 20. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided? 21. So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

One . . . said unto him, Master, speak to my brother that he divide the inheritance with me (v. 13).—Almost any one is ready to call Jesus Master, when he thinks he can make something by it. The beggar at the minister's door will promise to come to that minister's church next Sunday, if he can't tell of being there at some former time. A lad is inclined to join Sunday School when he finds that that is the surest way of getting a place as cash boy in some great sales establishment. Many a man has united with a particular church to better his prospects of winning a wife from its membership. Christian professions are often pleaded as a reason why a note should be discounted, or money otherwise loaned. And there is no time when the most irreligious men are keener to see the duty of a Christian course—in other men—than when they want a Christian to be generous, or forbearing, or patient, or forgiving for their benefit. For a great deal less than all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, most men would fall down and worship—just for the time—either Satan or Jesus. But saying "Master" to Jesus doesn't make a man a disciple of Jesus.

A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth (v. 15.)—Well, then, in what does it consist? Many of us are willing to admit that it doesn't consist of great piles of money, but an abundance of honors, or of power, or of learning, or of successful effort, or of friends or of the love and gratitude of those about us, an abundance of something of this sort, of possessions of one kind or another, does seem to be worth living for. Must we concede that we are all wrong in this? Will no possessions, of even the purest and most precious quality, be to us life, or as valuable as life? If not, then it must be what we are, rather than what we have, that is our life, that is worth living for, that is worth dying for; that shall live, and that cannot die.

What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits, (v. 17.) An increase of goods brings an increase of care and commonly an increase of worry. Larger harvests call for larger granaries. Heavier hauls of fish demand stronger nets. Growing capital necessitates a search for other investments. The man who is rolling up wealth all the time cannot be a man of leisure, rarely is a man of ease and comfort in life. Many a man could rest better both day and night, if he were not making money so fast, and having its accumulations to look after. And it is the same with reputation and influence as with money. The need of care for them grows with their increase. If we are gainers in any line of accumulation, the duty is on us to make provision for the safe keeping and wise use of all that is added to our stock. If we make no such gains, we are, at all events, free from the care and worry of their oversight.

Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years: . . . eat, drink and be merry (v. 19.)—The poorest objects of money using is self indulgence. The man who deliberately purposes to so use his money, for the present and for the future, so as to get the largest amount of self-gratification out of it, is by that very purpose proved a selfish man. It matters not whether that decision is to spend his money for food and drink for expensive dinners and costly wines; for an elegant household establishment, showy turn-out—rich furniture, rare books, and pictures and statuary, and fast horses; or even for display in the line of contributions to fashionable charities; if his aim is only to gratify himself and to feel good over it, his actions are thoroughly and unmistakably selfish. Certain forms of selfishness are, it is true, more at ractive than others to outsiders; but that does not change their nature, nor make the man who indulges them more acceptable in the sight of God. Whoever has money and wants to use it aright must always ask the question, Where ought this money go? not, How can I use this money so as to get most personal comfort out of it? "This is an hard saying; who can hear it?"

Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee (v. 20.)—Any man is a fool who is not ready to die to-night; and any fool may die to-night. A man ought to have his business affairs always in such a shape that he could leave them to-night; so it should be with his private papers and with all his family and personal interests. He ought ever to live and act, and plan in view of the possibility of dying before another day is here, so that if he is called to die, he will have nothing to do but die. No day's work is done if it has not included all needful preparation for possible death at its close; and such preparation includes something more than having business and personal affairs in good shape for leaving. It covers living as the child of God and the disciple of Jesus. Are you ready to die to-night? If not, God calls such a one as you "a fool."

Take no thought (no worrying anxiety) for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on (v. 22)—This is not like the advice of labor agitators or of leaders in bread-riots. Nor is it advice which is followed by epicures and fops in fashionable life. A large share of all the anxious worrying in this world is over bread for hungry mouths, and choice dishes for pampered appetites; or over clothing for the poorly clad, or dresses for purposes of display. Jesus says that all this is wrong. He would have us put ourselves in his service, and trust him to supply us with the means of needful and fitting food and clothing. This trustfulness he makes a test of discipleship. If we are truly the followers of Jesus, we shall have no fear of starving, yet be readier to starve than to swerve from the path of duty; no fear of lacking suitable clothing, yet more desirous of the covering and adorning of our souls than our bodies. Who can say that he or she is past all worry about food or dress?—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

A Novel Escape.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., April 7.—A most sensational and remarkable escape of a convict took place yesterday morning at the Penitentiary. Kincher Ginn is the name of the desperate and ingenious villain. Himself and another convict were sick in the cell, and yesterday the other convict died. Preparations were made to bury him, and his coffin was brought in. The body, after being neatly shrouded, was placed in the coffin, and the undertaker went out to get dinner, leaving Ginn, the sick convict, in the same cell. As soon as the door had been locked Ginn got out of bed, took the dead man out of the coffin, and placed him in the bed, carefully covering him, and then got into the coffin himself. In an hour afterwards the burial party came in, and after placing the coffin in a wagon drove off to the potter's field. Before they reached the place Ginn began rolling about the coffin and making mysterious noises, which so frightened the others that they rushed away, whereupon the fellow lifted the coffin-lid and made his escape.

Maple Sugar.

LOGANSPORT, April 7.—Farmers report the yield of sugar water this season something unusual. Small trees and of a size that heretofore have been found of no avail, this year pour out the sweet liquid in quantities sufficient to cause the farmer to wreath his face in smiles. It is estimated that the crop of syrup and sugar will be three or four times as large in this County as in former years. One farmer in Adams Township, named Reed, has a sugar camp of 500 trees, and is getting about 25 barrels of water from them daily.

Henry's Carbolic Salve

Is the Best Salve for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, Freckles and Pimples. Get Henry's Carbolic Salve, as all others are counterfeits. Price 25 cents.

THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE

Proceedings of the Session at Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, April 6.—The Society of the Army of the Tennessee marched this morning, 20 in number, with Gen. Sherman at the head, from the Burnett House to Pike's Opera House, where a business meeting was held. Gen. Sherman presided.

Recording Secretary Col. L. M. Dayton made a report stating that, without special instruction from the Society, he had prepared and sent to each member a copy of the proceedings of the last reunion, which action had been approved by the Executive Committee.

Gen. Hickenlooper, Corresponding Secretary, read brief biographical sketches of members deceased since the last meeting, Col. C. Audenried, Washington, D. C., Col. R. M. Moore, Cincinnati, Col. John J. Parmer, 45th Illinois, Dr. Thos. L. Harper, Cincinnati, Maj. J. E. Simpson, St. Louis.

The Treasurer, Gen. M. F. Force, read a report showing bonds on hand, $9,000, cash in permanent fund, $2,153, general fund, $1,389.

Committees were appointed on permanent officers, oration and time and place of the next reunion.

General Sherman read a sketch of the battle of Pittsburg Landing, illustrated by maps and charts distributed among the members. He said Cincinnati people were satisfied with the accounts of battles written by reporters on the spot, viz: at Paducah and Cairo, and he corrected some mistakes.

Gen. Buckland, whose troops were in the advance when the attack was made, stated that the account of the battle written by "Agate," (Whitelaw Reid), for the Cincinnati Gazette, was all wrong, as far as it pertained to the position and movements of his troops.

A number of officers engaged in a discussion of incidents of the battle.

Letters of regret were read from a large number of members and invited guests unable to be present, among them Gens. Grant, Hancock, Noyes, Schofield, H. G. Wright, Getty, McDowell, Meigs, Howard, Logan, Oglesby, Surgeon General Barns and Sec. Blaine.

At 12:30 the Society marched to the Chamber of Commerce, which had been beautifully decorated in honor of the occasion, where they were received by an address of welcome from Pres. Urner. Gen. Sherman in his response, said the men of the Chamber were business men, they knew it was essential to have the waters of the Mississippi open to trade, and that to the army of Tennessee much credit was due for assistance in opening that stream to free commerce.

Gen. Sheridan was called upon and responded briefly, merely returning thanks and saying he was not in the habit of making speeches.

CINCINNATI April 7.—At 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon the Society of the Army of the Tennessee moved from the Burnett House to Fountain Square to unveil the McPherson statue, escorted by the First Regiment Ohio National Guards, a detail of the Cincinnati police and the Cincinnati Society of ex-Army and Navy Officers. Gen. Sherman and ex-Pres. Hayes led the column, followed by Gens. Sheridan and Pope. The streets were thronged, the esplanade where the statue had been set on a temporary pedestal was so full of people that much time was consumed in clearing a space to allow the societies to reach their places. When all were grouped about the statue Gen. Sheridan gracefully drew off the garrison flag that had veiled the statue and displayed the almost speaking form of the beloved McPherson. There was a slight applause, hats were removed, and the band played a dirge. Not a word was spoken. The statue is one ordered by the society to be placed on the General's grave at Clyde, Ohio. It is pedestrian, in bronze, and represents the General standing with one foot on the breech of a broken cannon, his field glass in one hand and his other hand extended as if giving directions. The artist is Robisso, the same who made the equestrian statue at Washington. This effort is regarded as exceedingly satisfactory.

When the dirge ended, a very few minutes were spent in examining the statue, when the column reformed and marched back to the Burnett House.

THE NIGHT SESSION

of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee was held at the Music Hall. The Society marched, escorted as during the day, by a detachment of the National Guard and the Cincinnati Society of ex-Army and Navy Officers, taking the sidewalks to avoid the muddy streets. The hall was densely packed by a brilliant assemblage, a large portion being ladies. Seats were reserved for the Society immediately in front of the stage. The scene when the Society entered was magnificent. The stage, which is large, presented a picture of beauty with the organ as a central figure. The draping had been made to harmonize with it. The lower portion was hidden by palms and large banners, above which was the wide arch of battle flags of Ohio regiments riddled and torn in the service. On the right and left of the organ were three standards reaching nearly to the ceiling, from which flags projected like branches of a tree. In rear of the right and left were tents, and on the left was a redoubt of sacks, with a gun in position. Two companies of Ohio National Guards stacked arms on either side of the stage and occupied the space in groups as they would in camp. Drums, shields and flags were grouped tastefully.

The occupants of the stage were Gen. Sherman, ex-Pres. Hayes, Gen. M. F. Force, Col. Ozro J. Dodds, Gens. Sheridan, Pope, Cox, Leggett, Mayor Jacob and others. The reveille was sounded and the colors run up amid deafening applause. This was followed by an organ solo. Then Gen. Sherman, whose appearance brought long applause, called the society to order and announced the order of the program, beginning with a prayer by Chaplain McKnight.

Gen. M. F. Force, Chairman of the Local Committee, in a most graceful speech told of the labor of love performed in preparing for this reunion.

Charles Jacob, Jr., Mayor, in a speech of three sentences, paid a compliment to the Army of the Tennessee and welcomed the society to the City.

Gov. Foster made a welcoming address on behalf of the State recounting the names of distinguished members of this society furnished by Ohio as well as by other States.

Gen. Sherman, who was to respond, said the sight from the stage to night told him that the most fitting response he could make was silence. The presence of this great audience was the most eloquent declaration that the soldierly feeling was not dead. It is not confined to Ohio nor to any other State, but extends over the whole empire. When we were fighting at Pittsburg Landing 19 years ago, we were not fighting for ourselves alone, but for the whole world. The child born in Honolulu or in Sidney, New South Wales, that day, if an electric current could have reached it, would have felt the effect of our blows that day for humanity. We do not meet to boast of our deeds, but to keep alive the feelings of friendship aroused during the war, and to grasp the hands of the men who endured dangers with us. Words never were coined that can express our feelings at certain times. No words could picture my feelings when I heard that exposition that told me that Atlanta was ours. Not that we wanted Atlanta; we were not fighting for spoil, or mere conquest. We did not care a whit for Atlanta but we loved our country and Atlanta stood in an attitude for hostility.

He then introduced Col. Ozro J. Dodds, who delivered the annual oration.

After Dodds' address, ex-Pres. Hayes was called for, and received with hearty applause. He made a very brief speech, merely thanking the Society for the courtesy of the invitation, and the audience for its cordiality.

After Hayes' responses to calls were made briefly by Gen. Sheridan, Gen. Pope, Gen. J. D. Cox (who paid a most graceful tribute to McPherson), Gen. Belknap, Judge Taft, Gen. Hickenlooper, and Robisso, the artist of the monument. It was 11 o'clock when the exercises closed. During the evening the Glee Club sang "Sherman's March to the Sea," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," and the anthem, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," with fine effect, being accompanied by a band and the great organ. The large audience of 6,000 people remained in perfect quiet until the close and the evening was one of rare enjoyment to all present.

At a business meeting to day the Society re-elected Gen. Sherman, President, Col. L. M. Dayton, Recording Secretary, Gen. A. Hickenlooper, Corresponding Secretary, and Gen. M. F. Force, Treasurer. St. Louis was chosen as the place for the next meeting, which will be held May 10 and 11, 1882. Col. Williamson, of Iowa, now in the Land Office at Washington, was chosen orator. Gen. Sherman read a long paper on military discipline. A reception at Col. Dayton's this afternoon, and a banquet to night close the reunion.

CINCINNATI April 8.—The culmination of the 14th reunion was the banquet last night at the Burnett House. Three hundred and fifty persons sat down to the tables, of whom not more than 20 were not members of the army during the war. The dining room was gorgeous with flags, many of them being battle flags of Ohio regiments. The table decorations were very profuse and significant, representing nearly all the implements of war, as well as the badges of the different army corps in the Army of the Tennessee. Under a wide canopy composed of large garrison flags was placed in the middle of one side of the room the table of the President and more distinguished guests. Four other tables extended parallel with this the entire length of the room.

Gen. Sherman occupied the center of the President's table and presided over the banquet. At the same table were ex-President Hayes, Gens. Sheridan, Pope, Cox, Belknap, Force, Hickenlooper, Judge Taft and others. In the body of the hall guests were seated promiscuously except that gentlemen wishing to be seated together had formed groups before entering the dining rooms.

The menu consisted of a plain black cartridge box of paper. When opened, the interior revealed a satin list of toasts, and the whole inner surface of the box was covered with pertinent designs in colors. At the top was a view of Shiloh Meeting House and tents. Battle scenes and badges covered the remainder, except the center, on which was printed the bill of fare. There were seven courses served with military precision, and rather rapidly, for in less than two hours from the beginning, dessert was served.

Gen. Sherman, in introducing the toasts, directed that the hall be cleared of servants, and gave just five minutes for the distribution of cigars. Then complimenting the music he requested that during the rest of the evening it be limited to a single strain instead of a whole tune. He called the attention of the telegraph men and the signal service men that he was the mere agent of this society to do its will. In that capacity he announced the first toast, "The United States," to which the man lately in the highest position in the country, if not on the globe, would respond, "He came to us, not as President Hayes, but as General Hayes, one of us."

A most cordial ovation was given to Gen. Hayes, who said in substance:

"MR. PRESIDENT: One of the most eloquent and best known speeches of Mr. Clay was in reference to the war of 1812, in reply to the question, 'What have we gained by the war?' If the same question is asked in relation to the great conflict of 1861, no eloquence is required to give emphasis to the answer. The sufficient reply is found in the simple phrase of the sentiment just announced. If it is asked, 'What have we gained by the war for the Union?' the answer must be, 'Our gain is the United States.' How large a part of all that exalts our patriotic pride when we look at the present condition of our country and think of its future is the fruit of the war of 1861. The war established not only that the people of the United States are one people, that they are a free people all of whom have equal rights, and that their Government is supreme within its sphere on every acre of American soil, but it also gave to intelligent men at home and abroad a confidence in the stability of our institutions and the capacity of our people for self government, which is working and has already brought extensive and gratifying changes in this country and throughout the world. This war taught ourselves and the rest of mankind that faith in the fitness of the people to govern, which is essential to the maintainence of free government here, and to its adoption by other nations. The masterly leadership of Pres. Lincoln was rooted in his perfect knowledge of the people and his implicit trust in their heroic and enduring patriotism. On this rock the United States stands. Hereafter the strifes of party and our political differences will hardly touch the fundamental principles or even the forms of our institutions. More and more the conflicts of party will be over mere questions of administration, important questions, undoubtedly, but they are not vital. They may be decided either way and not involve the life or the Republic, or the form, even, of our Government.

The United States, since the war, and because of the war, has entered upon a career which is open to no other nation. Here the people, with almost entire unanimity, believe that our form of Government is for us better than any other, and are satisfied with the principles on which it rests.

No other great nation of modern times has ever paid its national debt. In the administration of Jackson, the war debts of the Revolution and of the War of 1812 were paid off. Now, with steady but rapid steps we are again accomplishing the same feat, with the enormous debt which represents the cost of the rebellion. Fully two thirds of the cost of the war has already been paid. More than a hundred millions has been paid within a year and the whole debt of the United States can be soon extinguished by its full and honest payment.

It is one of the evident results of the war that intelligent men everywhere are persuaded that no government in the world is safer, stronger, or more likely to endure, than that of the United States. Our Government is in fact, "a Government of the Governed." Whatever the people are, their Government will surely be. What sort of people do the lineage, the general circumstances and other institutions of the United States produce? The war, and the course of events since the war, furnish a very satisfactory answer. Tested by the sore trials of the rebellion, American character stood the test. The citizen who, in 1861, became a soldier, when the war was over became again a citizen. Having fought for his country as a soldier, he went resolutely and cheerfully to work as a citizen to promote its welfare and to preserve its credit and its honor.

In conclusion, may we not confidently believe that the United States is not only more prosperous and powerful, but also a wiser and better people because of the war? I believe that all of our countrymen and all the world besides have many added reasons in the results of the war for gratefully invoking blessings upon the United States.

The address of Gen. Hayes was frequently and warmly applauded notably at his remark that "our gain by the war is the United States."

Other toasts and responses were as follows: "The Citizen and Soldier," Gen. Willard Warner; "The State of Ohio," Gen. A. Hickenlooper; "The Army of the Potomac," Gen. R. R. Dawes; "The Humanities of the War," Gen. John W. Noble; "The Army of the Tennessee, every fortification which it assailed surrendered, every gun fired at it is among its trophies, every force arrayed against it was captured or destroyed," Gen. John W. Fuller; "Our Dead," Gen. W. O. Gresham; "The Loyal Pulpit and the War for the Union," Chaplain Samuel Fellows; "The Army of the Cumberland," Gen. W. H. Gibson.

Members of the Society are pronounced in their praise of all the arrangements made for their entertainment and regard this Reunion as among the most pleasant they have yet enjoyed.

NOTHING TO REPROACH HIMSELF WITH.

The President's Views Upon the Subject of the New York Nominations.

WASHINGTON, April 6.—The President, in conversation with reference to the subject of the recent New York nominations, said that he had nothing whatever to reproach himself with so far as Conkling was concerned. The President holds that Mr. Conkling has really no cause of grievance against the administration. In the Sunday afternoon interview between the President and Mr. Conkling, of which so much has been said, the President was unreserved in his acknowledgment of the obligations which he felt toward all the different factions of the Republican party in the State of New York, for he realizes very fully that unless they had all pulled together in his behalf he would not now be sitting in the White House. But he took particular pains to impress upon the Senator that he could not for one moment think in his public acts of recognizing the divisions of the party, or of giving the patronage of the Government to any one of the factions in such a manner as to be considered as taking sides with either. It may be remarked, however, that Sen. Conkling contends that the President has done exactly this thing in the nomination of Mr. Robertson, who is so prominent a representative of one of the factions. The President in the interview with Mr. Conkling heard very fully what the New York Senators did not want, but he did not ask him, and Mr. Conkling did not volunteer to tell him what he did want, if he wanted anything in the way of appointments. The President thinks it quite likely that Mr. Conkling may have been disappointed in his action, but he is firm in the opinion that Mr. Conkling has no right to imagine that he had been deceived. In determining to steer clear of anything which can be construed as an application on or taking sides with either the Conkling or the anti-Conkling Republicans, the President is following the example set by Mr. Pierce on his accession to the Presidency with reference to the quarrels of the Hard Shell and Soft Shell Democracy of New York, which at that time was quite as bitter as the present dissensions among the Republicans of the State.

THE DAKOTA FLOODS.

The Gorge has Broken and the Water is Subsiding.

YANKTON, D. T., April 7.—The ice gorge which has been resisting the onward flow of the water at this point for 24 hours, broke an hour ago, and the water is falling rapidly. Lower Yankton has been submerged since Monday morning. The lower floors of 200 dwellings, shops and mills were covered from one to four feet. Much damage has been done to houses, goods and buildings. The steamer "Peninah" broke from her moorings as the ice began to move, and has floated with the current one mile, lodging on a railroad track where she now sets.

Intelligence from submerged farming districts was received last evening. Rescued parties have been found and landed in places of safety. About two hundred persons must have perished with cold and hunger, had they not been reached. The good work still progresses, and hopes are entertained that nearly all the ice and water bound sufferers will be rescued.

The weather remains cold, and the situation becomes more serious daily. The fuel supply has been reduced to the minimum, and many kinds of provisions are running short. The freshet has swept away thousands of cords of wood, and to-day not a single cord is for sale in this market.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

WINNIPEG, Manitoba, April 6.—Gen. Rosser, Chief Engineer of the Syndicate, has returned from locating the line for the second hundred miles west on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Government surveys through Baptist City and Minnesota have both been abandoned, owing to the difficulty attending construction, and a southern route chosen which crosses the Assigiboine at Grand Valley, nine miles below the mouth of the Little Saskatchewan River. It then passes the Gough Valley, lying between the Loures and Assiniboine Rivers. This route will give an easy grade, and the roads will pass through many settlements which are already amongst the first in the northwest. Reservations have also been made along the route for the purposes of the company.

It Came Too Late.

NEW YORK, April 8.—A story of profound pathos is told to-day in the Police returns from the Twenty-ninth Precinct. A poorly dressed tramp asked at the basement door of No. 131 Madison avenue, for bread, at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. He walked slowly down the avenue steps, the picture of misery and want, and leaned against the grated door as if tired and weak. What he asked was given him, and he sat down on the steps to eat. A servant, looking on behind the door, saw him put the bread to his mouth with a hungry look, and suddenly his hand dropped with the crust, and the man fell over on the flagging as if fainting. When the servant ran out to help him he was dead. Hunger, want and exposure had done their perfect work.

Tyner for the Court of Claims.

WASHINGTON, April 8.—Some time ago it was stated that Gen. Tyner, of Indiana, was to be appointed Judge of the Court of Claims. The promise of this position to Tyner was conditional, the President thinking that possibly the place would be needed to help arrange some of the Cabinet complications. This emergency arose, when Chandler was nominated for Solicitor General at the request of Blaine, and Phillips, who held that position, was nominated for the Court of Claims, but Phillips has declined and the friends of Tyner now say that the place is now open to him according to the original understanding.

Gold Coin in the Treasury.

WASHINGTON, April 8.—A Treasury official remarked to-day that there was now massed in the vaults of the department a larger amount of gold than was ever known to be in one place in the history of modern times, at least, and probably more than could be authenticated as as existing in a single Treasury at any time before in the world. There is now about $173,000,000 of gold coin and bullion, exclusive of some $50,000,000 of silver, while the Bank of England has only about $75,000,000 of gold. What is more singular is that it stays in the vaults no matter what the demand, for as fast as it is paid out it returns, showing that as long as confidence is maintained it is not a favorite currency.

The Official Boom for Iowa.

WASHINGTON, April 8.—The nomination of Mr. Price, of Iowa as Commissioner of Indian Affairs, gives that State a very respectable representation in the Department of the Interior. The spectacle of three Iowa men in one department in as many prominent positions as Secretary, Commissioner of Public Lands, and Commissioner of Indian Affairs, all from one State, is an entirely novel sensation in the minds of the Ohio colony resident in this City. The only consolation which they derive from this condition of affairs is the fact that Sec. Kirkwood, in his early life, was thoroughly identified with their native State.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Edgar T. Page, esq., druggist, writes us from Chicopee Falls, that Mr. Albert Guenther, under Wild's Hotel, has used that remarkable remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, for a severe case of rheumatism and it cured him as if by magic. He also used it with great success among his horses, in cases of sprains, sores, etc., and it cures every time.

A MYSTERIOUS CASE

NEW YORK, April 7.—An extraordinary scheme of blackmail, concocted and planned with remarkable persistency but apparently with little skill, the victims of which were Louis Sussburger and Charles Adler, of the firm of Louis Sussburger & Co., importers of watches and jewelry, 15 Maiden Lane, came to a tragic end to day. The blackmailer, or one of them, was shot dead by a policeman in the attempt to arrest him at the moment his plot appeared to be crowned with success. An accomplice of the fellow, who is known, escaped. How many there are, if indeed the two are not alone in their enterprise, the police were making every effort to discover to night.

Strassburger is a prominent Hebrew, reported to be very wealthy.

News of the Week.

TELEGRAPHIC CONDENSATIONS.

The debt of Mexico is $65,000,000.

The "Vandalia" brought $600,000 in gold.

There were 199 deaths in Chicago last week.

Gov. Foster is mentioned as Minister to Berlin.

Prof. W. H. Orchard, of Columbia, S. C., died of paralysis of the heart.

The opium syndicate, at present values, is short $250,000, and finds few desiring to purchase.

Land League receipts last week, £2 537; £50 have been voted to the families of those killed at Clogher.

Many Northern tourists have died in Florida during the season. The inflow of invalids was very large.

A revenue officer named Seagraves was murdered by moonshiners in Macon County, Tenn., Friday night.

The Government of Greece instructed its agent at Berlin to engage 30 skilled surgeons for ambulance service.

The English Democrats and Irish Nationalists are going to agitate for the unconditional release of Michael Davitt.

Four inches of snow fell in Northern Virginia, Friday night, making the third fall of snow this month for that locality.

Judges Orsamas Cole and J. B. Cassoday have been re-elected Supreme Court Judges of Wisconsin without opposition.

The old mansion of Robert Toombs, at Woodside, Ga., owned by Hon. Caleb Stetson, of Boston, has been reduced to ashes.

Only $4,445,850 of 25 million bonds of funding loan of 1881, embraced in the 101st, call have been received for redemption.

A Guttenberg Bible, printed in 1450, the first book printed from movable types, was sold at auction, in New York last night for $8,000.

B. F. King, when Postmaster of Milton, Fla., embezzled $1,000, and has been followed for two years, having finally been caught at Galveston.

A grain elevator has been nearly completed in Brooklyn, with a capacity of 2,500,000 bushels. It is claimed to be the largest in the country. It cost $2,000,000.

The Aranesanian Indians, now on the path, engaged a squadron of Chilian cavalry, and killed 12 troopers. The savages have committed all manner of outrages.

Over 16,000 men are at work on the Sullivan-Palmer Railroad in Mexico and Texas. It is reported that Laredo will be reached in June, and Monterey by December 31.

The Indiana House of Representatives yesterday adopted a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution granting women the right to vote at all State elections.

The British budget shows an expenditure for the past year of £83,108 000. Gladstone proposes that £60,000 000 of the National debt be paid in the next quarter century.

George Straut, of Chicago, has paid $17,200 for the stock in the St. Louis & Jacksonville Road held by Evans Township, Ill. For years the certificates had been considered worthless.

At Sunbury, Pa., yesterday, while a family named Hoover were at dinner, a daughter aged 17 and a son aged 14 quarreled. The boy left the table, got a shotgun and fatally shot his sister.

A Michigan paper reports that an ex-State Senator of Maine of some means has been working in a lumber camp in Michigan all Winter to learn practically how the business is conducted there.

Russia, after having acceded to the Austrian proposal for the unanimous recognition of the kingdom of Roumania, now makes her consent conditional upon the adoption of measures against the Nihilists in Moldavia.

District Attorney Lambertson, of Omaha, has, by habeas corpus, secured the release of Turning Bear and five other Sioux, who have been imprisoned in Nebraska since July for murdering a ranchman and stealing horses.

Michael Herold was impaled the other night on the iron spikes of a high fence in Brooklyn which he attempted to scale in order to reach a stable, where he intended to sleep. He was rescued with difficulty after hanging on the spikes several hours.

The nomination of Gen. Ignatieff and Baron Nicolai to portfolios, and the expected appointment of Gen. Tchernatieff as Governor of Orenburg, are sufficient indication of a strong Slavonic and reactionary tendency of the Government at least in home affairs.

Gov. Cullom has requested Sec. Lincoln to push forward work on the bridge over the Illinois River at Beardstown, for which an appropriation of $375,000 has been made, and to furnish a transcript of the roll of citizens of Illinois who served in the war with Mexico.

An amendment is proposed to be made to the penal code of California regarding life prisoners. The life sentences are to be computed upon life insurance tables, permitting the discharge of prisoners at the arrival of the time when he ought to die according to the average tables.

Prince Caroleth, of Germany, has obtained a divorce from his wife, who eloped recently with Count Herbert Bismarck. It is said that the lady will soon be married to the Count, and that the grim Chancellor will forgive and forget his son's indiscretion, and that everything will be amicably arranged.

Commodore Meade, of the United States steamer "Vandalia," in a letter to the Navy Department dated March 30th, says Havana is healthy but lawlessness prevails, and riot is unrestrained. Murder and robberies are of daily and nightly occurrence, and recently the British Consul was nearly murdered by ruffians.

Thurlow Weed has written a letter to the New York Tribune expressing a hope that the Legislature will not pass the pending street cleaning bill. He says such vast power and patronage as the bill contemplates giving the Mayor should not be conferred upon an officer who must always be a violent partizan.

O Donnell, one of the men who tried to blow up the Mansion House in London, is said to have arrived in New York. The Irish organizations are arranging for an excursion down the bay to meet Coleman, another of the plotters, said to be on board the "Australian." The third party is said to be in Paris.

Pres. Garfield has assured several of the Republican Senators thot he heartily approves of their policy in regard to the Senate officers. His advice is to continue the fight until the minority give in, or until Sen. Mahone shall come to the conclusion that such a course will not serve his purpose.

It is stated that the new Czar on returning a few evenings ago found on his pillow a communication purporting to come from the Nihilists, and threatening him with the fate of his father if he did not adopt liberal measures, and take steps for establishing representative government in Russia. The Czar did not, in all probability, sleep well that night.

Postmaster General James has effected a total saving in the expenses of the Post-office Department of $223,619 as compared with the expenses of the previous month. Of this saving $157,765 was made in the Star Route Service, $55,725 in steamboat services, and $7 529 in mail messengers. If Mr. James keeps on at this rate he will make the Postoffice Department self sustaining.

The Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinovitch, whose connection with the diamond robbery made him notorious, was arrested in the village of Gzhlenun and imprisoned in a caste near St. Petersburg, on suspicion of being concerned in an intrigue in favor of his father, the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the late Czar. It is not known whether the father was privy in the intrigue.

Sitting Bull has decided to surrender.

St. Louis carpenters are on a strike for $3 per day.

Russia will not assist Greece in case of war with Turkey.

Over 400 persons have died of the plague in Mesopotamia.

There were 874 deaths in Chicago during the month of March.

Sir John A. MacDonald, the Canadian Premier, is seriously ill.

Sen. Edmunds returns from Florida much improved in health.

The New York Produce Exchange will close on Good Friday.

Iowa produced $10,000,000 worth of butter and cheese the past year.

The official majority for Herrick, for Mayor of Cleveland, is 6,294.

Ex-Pres. Hayes is said to be writing a history of his administration.

The Chio Relief Committee at New York has already collected $3,000.

A fire at Delhi, La., destroyed a hotel and four stores, the loss being $36,000.

The talk of an extra session of Congress is being revived in Washington.

The receipts of foreign gold at New York Saturday amounted to $1,809,000.

It is said that 10,000 Egyptian troops have been engaged lately in slave hunts.

The Catholic college at Rimosky, Quebec, valued at $60,000, has been burned.

The Pennsylvania Senate has indorsed the course of the Republicans in Congress.

It is estimated that there are over 1,200 trotting horses in training in the United States.

Edwin Booth will probably cancel his engagement and return to America with his wife.

Six Jerseymen have banded together to raise 1,000,000 watermelons for this year's market.

The Illinois Legislature has appropriated $10,000 for the Lincoln and Douglas monuments.

The river Theiss, Hungary, has overflowed, and thousands of acres of wheat are destroyed.

Pres. Garfield will deliver an address at the laying of the corner stone of the Yorktown monument.

Alvin Harvey, postmaster at Oceanic, New Jersey, has been arrested charged with embezzlement.

Ah Luck, a Chinaman, was hanged at Nevada City, Nev., Friday, for the murder of a countryman.

There is now about $173,000,000 of gold coin and billion in the vaults of the United States Treasury.

The base ball men of New York have organized what they term the Eastern Championship Association.

The 720 applicants for appointments to the Pension Bureau will be put upon competitive examination.

A severe rain storm set in at St. Louis yesterday, and there are fears of danger from the rivers rising.

Hobart Pasha is ordered to prepare a water defense in the Dardanelles against vessels creeping in at night.

A case has been made up at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to test the constitutionality of the anti treating law.

The widow of the late Admiral Farragut is in Washington, the guest of President and Mrs. Garfield.

Gen. Schofield is exerting his influence towards the removal of his headquarters from New Orleans to St. Louis.

The anthracite interests of the Pennsylvania have resolved on a suspension of mining for three days next week.

Fifteen thousand pounds ransom are demanded for the Englishmen who were captured by brigands near Salonica.

Some of the ice cakes which have floated past Ponca, Neb., are an acre in extent, and from three to five feet thick.

Two freight trains collided near Bunker Hill, Ills., Wednesday night, killing an unknown man and wrecking a number of cars.

J. A. Stacy, Mayor of Addison, Mich., died of bronchial pneumonia. He was a lawyer of fair promise, and only 28 years of age.

Three horse thieves were overtaken in Hill County, Texas, by vigilants of Johnson County, and summarily disposed of Thursday.

Reports from all portions of South Carolina are to the effect that the fruit crop has been ruined by the extreme cold of the past week.

A large quantity of nitro glycerine, intended for use in the Mount St. Gothard Railway Tunnel, has been stolen, probably by Nihilists.

Charles Glazier, superintendent of Scott's elevator in Indianapolis, was run over by a coal car and fatally injured. He was 60 years old.

Lieut. Robinson, of the 7th cavalry, is continually taking hostile Indians from a camp of Yanctonais, about 30 miles west of Fort Buford.

Base ball players have organized an eastern championship association with W. W. White, of the Nationals, Washington, as President.

J. C. Bates, one of the largest beeraisers in Iowa, living near Ames, has los $1,000 worth of honeymakers by the extreme cold weather.

Lizzie Griffiths, a domestic of Youngstown, O., tried to drown herself in a cistern because her lover was faithless. The water was too shallow.

A party of Americans have leased from the Dominion Government 1,200 acres of bog near Winnipeg, and will manufacture of peat on a large scale.

A dispatch from Tunis states the Bey is disposed to make concessions to France, but he is encouraged to resist by the Italian consul there.

Two of the Trappist priests expelled from France addressed a congregation of fifteen thousand persons in Montreal, on the causes of their banishment.

The ice in the St. Lawrence river, near Montreal, began to move Saturday. If the present fine weather continues the river will be open in a few days.

H. K. Winne, a young physician of Clinton, Ia., whose parents reside at Belvidere, Ill., was killed while attempting to jump on a moving passenger train.

The Sonora Railroad Company, a Boston organization, has laid 50 Kilometers of track on Mexican soil and received subsidy for the first section from the Government.

Mrs. Magdalena Mills, residing on Fifty-fourth street, New York, became despondent and finally insane about three weeks ago, and has deliberately starved herself to death.

The Trappists expelled from Angiers, France, who will soon reach Montreal, have been assigned 700 acres of land at Oka, where they will open an agricultural college.

A subscription for the relief of the widow of John Brown, hanged at Harper's Ferry, has been started in Boston and is being liberally responded to. Ex-Senator Brooks has the matter in charge.

A new steamboat company has been organized to run a line of steamers between St. Louis and St. Paul. It will probably take most of the business of the Keokuk and Northern Packet Line, which has been nearly ruined by litigation.

Francis Charon, a Frenchman residing at Kingston, Ont., having frequently gotten into trouble by talking too much, cut off a portion of his tongue, in the hope that he would not be able to do himself so much mischief in the future. He is suffering now from a swelled tongue.

The Pullman Palace Car Company, of Chicago, filed a bill in the United States Circuit Court against the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, asking an accounting as to various joint transactions extending over a period of 10 years, and involving nearly a quarter of a million of dollars.

Charles Harper, a messenger of the American Express Company, on the Great Western Railroad, between Detroit and the Suspension Bridge, has disappeared, and undoubtedly committed suicide while deranged. He has been in the service of the company the past 10 years, and was steady and faithful.

WESTERN FLOODS.

The Missouri River on a Rampage.

An Immense Amount of Damage Done

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., April 9.—An unprecedented rise in the Missouri River at this point resulted in a general overflow of the lower part of the City, and many persons were compelled to vacate their houses here last night. The bottom land between this City and the river proper is inundated, forming a mighty lake several miles in width. The Union Pacific Road was compelled to load down their small bridges over a stream in the City limits, and last night the river was several inches over the tracks and is overflowing in the vicinity of the large union depot. The river is nearly 22 feet above low water mark, being several feet higher than ever known here, and still rising.

DAMAGE AT OMAHA.

OMAHA, April 9.—The Missouri River flood is 20 feet above low water mark, and is still rising. It flooded the Union Pacific shops and is running through the smelting works and greatly damaging it. Trains on the St. Paul & Omaha, and Kansas City & St. Joe, and Burlington & Missouri River roads have been abandoned through floods near the City.

FALLING AT SIOUX CITY.

SIOUX CITY, April 9.—The river here has been on a decline all day, and is now about a foot below the highest point of yesterday. The river is rapidly receding within its banks in the country above. Wm. Cunninghan, an old settler of Dakota County, Neb., was drowned this morning while trying to escape from the flood.

STEAMERS ON THE PRAIRIE.

A special from Yanktop, says: The damage to steamboats, railroads and private property by the ice gorge at this City, has been fearful. Steamers at the levee were carried inland, and now lie on the railroad track. The steamer "Peninah" struck the railroad machine shops, completely wrecking them. The boat is now on the prairie, about a mile from the channel. The Government warehouses are destroyed and many of the goods stored in them carried away. The "General Terry" has arrived at Yankton from Chateau Creek, and is the only one of the fleet escaping without damage.

REFUNDING ITEMS.

The Sixes to be Redeemed.

WASHINGTON, April 9.—It is almost certain now that all measures for the redemption of bonds during this Summer will be directed toward the sixes, which were issued and have always been regarded as a 20 year loan, having no coupons attached except to cover that time. It is thought, too, that with the proceeds of the $104,000 000 of bonds authorized by the act of 1870 and yet remaining unissued, and with the surplus receipts almost as many maturing sixes may be taken care of as could be got in if the refunding bill had passed, for the reason that after a call they come in very slowly.

The new bonds will be held at such a figure as not to allow the purchaser much, if any, more that 3 per cent on the investment. The department and the administration regard the action of the last Congress in passing a 3 per cent funding bill as establishing a precedent, and as to at least some extent representing the views of the people. For this reason they will endeavor to so dispose of the new bonds as to bring the net interests as near to 3 per cent as possible. They may be issued as 4's, or 4½'s, but the premium to be placed upon them will reduce the rate of net interest to a much lower rate net.

Between the rush of applicants for positions in or connected with the Treasury Department, and the importance of making provision for the redemption of maturing sixes, Sec. Windom's time is so fully occupied that he can scarcely give a moment to some of the heads of bureaus and divisions in his department. Judge Frech, Second Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, finds the chief's room so crowded with Senators, Representatives and other persons who appear to have very urgent business with the Secretary, that he goes in and out many times a day without the opportunity of having a conference.

SITTING BULL

Has at Last Decided to Surrender.

ST. PAUL, April 12.—The following has been received at headquarters here from Fort Buford, April 11:

"A courier just arrived from Poplar River reports that Capt. McDonald, of the Northwestern Mounted Police, with a party of three Indians, one of whom is a nephew of Sitting Bull's, has just arrived at that point to arrange for the surrender of Sitting Bull. Capt McDonald says that should those coming with him report favorably of their treatment and of that of the other captives at Buford on their return to Sitting Bull's camp, that chief will immediately surrender, the whole camp probably starting for Buford on his (McDonald's) return. I expect Capt. McDonald at Buford tomorrow, and will send full particulars when he arrives.

D. H. BROTHERTON,
Maj. 7th Inf. Com'd'g.

Capt. O. B. Read commanding at Poplar river telegraphs under date of the 9th: "Capt. McDonald has just arrived with a delegation of Indians. He is en route to Fort Bufort, and there expects to arrange for the surrender of Sitting Bull and his camp.

SITTING BULL

says he will no longer delay coming in if a favorable report is brought him from Buford of the hostiles there encamped."

Major Crosier, Chief of the mounted police at Woody Mountain and Fort Walsh says: "I am deligated to inform you that Sitting Bull has told me he is going to surrender."

READ, Commanding.

A Child's Terrible Death.

NEW ORLEANS, April 9.—Annette Tett, aged two years, met with an accident yesterday that resulted fatally. The unfortunate girl was crossing a bridge in front of her father's house in which there were two planks missing. In attempting to step across this opening the child fell into the gutter, through which was running a stream of hot lye coming from a soda factory. A playmate of the little girl was on the opposite side of the street, and witnessed the accident. She called aloud for assistance, and succeeded in attracting the attention of a neighbor, who at once rushed over to where Annette was writhing in indescribable torture. Plunging his hand into the bubbling, almost boiling fluid, he drew the child out and conveyed her to her home. The sight was a terrible one, the flesh and skin peeled off in flakes, and Annette experienced most terrible suffering until death relieved her.

A Brave Act.

ST. LOUIS, April 9.—A Kansas City special says: About 4 o'clock yesterday morning, a house standing on the bank of the Missouri River, near Parkville, occupied by a woman named Cord all and three children, was swept into the stream by the current cutting into the bank. After floating down the river about seven miles, the house was discovered by two young hunters named Burch and Ford, from Kansas City, who put out to it in a skiff, cut a hole in the roof, the only part of the building above water, rescued the terrified inmates and took them back to Parkville.

Chopped Off His Brother's Head.

ATLANTA, Ga., April 5—A sad accident happened in the family of Mr. John Scoggins, near Carnesville. His two little boys, about six and eight years old, were playing near the woodpile, when the oldest picked up a sharp axe and made a stroke at a stick of wood. As he did so the youngest stooped under the axe, which struck him on the back of the neck and almost severed his head from his body, killing him instantly.

THE NIHILISTS

Are Allowed to Talk

Some Say They are Innocent, while Others Acknowledge Their Connection with the Assassination.

ST. PETERSBURG, April 9.—In the trial of the Nihilists implicated in the assassination of the late Czar, after the reading of the indictment had been concluded, the President of the court asked the prisoners whether they wished to say anything. Russakoff, who threw one of the bombs, spoke for half an hour. He said he primarily desired to agitate peacefully, but entered into the late conspiracy, seeing no other way out of the social trouble.

Michaloff, who was arrested as he entered Russakoff's house said he belonged to the Terrorist faction of the party, but denied Russakoff's statement that he participated in the arrangements for the murder of the Czar.

Hessy Helfmann acknowledged that she kept a conspirator's lodging house, which was the depot for their implements, but denied having actively participated in the Czar's assassination.

Kibaltschitsch, bomb-maker, avowed his connection with the Will of the People party. Their wish, he said, being to gain their object by peaceful propaganda, but they were reluctantly obliged to use the more violent measures. He admitted preparing five bombs.

Sophie Pieffeosky avowed her participation in the preparations of the Moscow mine, and in the murder of the Czar.

Jeliakoff, who is the most intelligent of the prisoners fluently related with diabolical sastisfaction, the history of the two Alexandrofsky mines. He said he was the head of one group of the party and was charged by the Executive Committee with the work of organizing the attack by bombs, and was connected with the Sadowa street mines as a simple worker.

After these declarations the Procurator stated it would perhaps be possible to shorten the trials.

Jeliakoff in his statement made an attempt to extenuate the cases of Russakoff and Michailoff, by asserting that the former was only a propagandist among the workmen and knew nothing of the arrangement for the murder of the Czar until the day of its accomplishment and that the latter was entirely unconnected with the crime. Jeliakoff showed great skill in cross examining the witnesses, and succeeded in utterly confusing one of them.

To-day's sitting will be occupied in hearing speeches for the prosecution. In the center of the court room are various pieces of tangible evidence against the prisoners, such as boxes of dynamite, papers of chemicals; apparatus, etc., placed on a table and guarded by a gendarme with drawn sword. The prisoners are all attired in black.

LIVE STOCK.

The Effects of the Hard Winter.

MILES CITY, Montana, April 12.—Extended inquiries among stock-raisers in the Yellowstone Valley show the losses during the past Winter very trifling and much smaller proportionately than in more Southern grazing districts. Owing to the peculiar dryness of the atmosphere the snow has not materially hindered cattle from getting at the rich grass beneath. The pasturages throughout the Winter suffices not only to keep the animals alive, but to bring them through in good condition. Brantburg Varrigasmee, on the Tongue River, lost hardly any out of fifteen hundred, and John Linnar, on Pumpkin Creek, 15 miles up Tongue River, out of 800 beeves and 150 yearling cows lost only six head. Myers Brothers, on Pumpkin Creek, out of 2,000 steers lost not a single one. Mr. Comfort, on the Yellowstone, at Rosebud, lost not one. Likewise Thomas Allen, of the same place, with 150 head, and Mr. Cullen, six miles east of Rosebud, out of 100 lost only four and they were drowned through the ice. Among all the herdsat Peasbottom, north of Big Horn River, there were absolutely no losses. Messrs. Poindexter & Orr, 65 miles up Tongue River, out of 1,000 sheep and 600 head of cattle lost precisely 50 sheep and two cows. The Messrs. Merritt, at Sweet Grass, up the Yellowstone, lost about 5 per cent. of a herd of 6,000. Mr. Minez, on the Yellowstone, near Miles City, has wintered a herd of 500 sheep and has lost one. The only loss of any account was the herd of the Anglo-American Sheep Company, 20 miles above the mouth of Tongue River, composed of 50,000 unacclimatized Texan and Mexican steers. They were brought here last fall and were unprepared for the rigors of winter, and are expected to have lost nearly 50 per cent. Outside of that single instance no stock-raiser has lost heavily. Combined with the never-failing supply of dry grass, the perfect shelter afforded cattle at all points by the so-called bad lands render Eastern Montana the safest and most profitable stock raising region in the country.

A Deadly Creek.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 9—Two employes of Lux & Miller, great cattlemen of the State died at one of the firm's ranches in Gilroy, from a rather singular cause. L. B. Bronson, bookkeeper at the ranch, was engaged with A. Parsons, another employe, in building a fence. They stopped work to take a drink of water from a creek near by. Shortly after Parsons was seized with convulsions and died. Bronson lingered until morning, leaving a wife and three children in the city. The creek runs through a formation strongly impregnated with quicksilver and other minerals, and it is supposed that the water is poisoned.

A Handsome Watch.

It has been found by experiment that certain metals compounded with a given percentage of gold, will produce a metal equal in appearance and durability to pure gold. E. G. Rideout & Co., of New York, whose advertisement appears in another column, have taken advantage of this knowledge to encase works of the best American makes in cases made of Aluminium Gold, thereby producing a watch as handsome in appearance as a gold watch worth $300, and moreover, just as good a time-keeper, for the reason that the cases never become tarnished in the Aluminium gold cased watch as in the genuine gold one. The advertisers claim for these watches: 1. That they will not vary if regularly wound; 2. That the cases will retain the color of gold; 3. That the most expert jewelers cannot distinguish them from gold watches, even when the acid test is applied; 4. That the jewels are genuine; 5. That the movement is genuine American; 6. Every merit that is claimed for any gold watch costing $150 or $200. We have seen and examined one of these watches, and find it to have every appearance of a genuine gold watch. For prices, etc., read their mammoth advertisement in another column. The firm is perfectly reliable.—*Chicago Express.*

FELLOWS' HYPOPHOSPHITES.

Consumption.

Owing to a popular idea that a remedy said to cure a variety of maladies should be treated with caution, if not suspicion, the inventor has taken some time in placing it before the public but from the gratifying assurance by a great number of the rare vitalizing and health restoring properties of his preparation of Hypophosphites, under a variety of circumstances, he is equally satisfied that these effects are secured by its use, that its action is peculiar to his preparation, and that Consumption is not only cured by it, but, in a certain stage, is as easily controlled as most other organic diseases.

While it is the aim of the inventor to convey information to such as require his Hypophosphites, it is his firm belief that its use will be valuable to all who desire a long life or who are struggling for health.

With a faith based upon the experience of twelve years, he would not despair of restoring a patient suffering from the above-named disease, even though reduced to a very low state and not complicated by actual organic loss.

FLINT, MICH., May 15, 1880.

DEAR SIR: Allow me to say that I esteem your "Hypophosphites" most highly, and for those engaged in professions which draws largely on the nervous system it is invaluable. I have used it myself with the most satisfactory results, and have introduced it to a large number of my people.

REV. R. W. HAIRE
Pastor St. Michael's Catholic Church

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

TOLEDO, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, April 13, 1881.

During the week just closed money ruled at an average rate of 5 per cent., with exceptions each day at 4@6 per cent. Domestic exchanges at different commercial points have been steady. The foreign exchanges were rather dull, but rates have strengthened to $4 81½ for long and $4 86 for sight. At these rates there is a very small margin for the importation of gold. Stock speculation within the week was void of interest. Government bonds were in steady demand at even prices. States securities were quite active and a sharp advance occurred more especially in Tennessees, but on yesterday a reaction took place which ended in lower values being established. However, the tone is now better.

To-day's reports up to latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 5@6 per cent. on call. Prime mercantile paper, 5@6 per cent. Bar, silver, 112¾c. Exchange steady at 481¼ for 60 days, and 488 for sight. Government Bonds unchanged. State Bonds less active. Railroad Bonds in fair demand. Since 11 o'clock the stock market became firmer, and prices recovered ¼ to 1½ per cent., the entire list participating in the improvement.

Government bonds—1881 coupons, 102¼; new fives, coupons, 102½; new four-and-a-halfs, coupons, 113; new fours, registered, 114; Pacific 6s of 95, 120 bid.

The statement of the Associated banks of New York for the week is as follows:

	Decrease.	Increase.
Loans	$	$4 956,300
Specie	.....	2,818,500
Legal tenders	237,800	.....
Deposits	.....	7,293,100
Circulation	4,500	.....
Total Reserve	.....	757,555

The banks now hold $2,825,175 in excess of the legal requirements.

The United States Treasurer now holds $352,531,000 in United States bonds to secure bank circulation. United States bonds deposited for circulation for the week, $4,953,500. United States bonds held for circulation withdrawn for the week, $3,952,500. National bank note circulation outstanding, $347,985,249; gold notes, $1,115,575. The custom receipts at Washington today amounted to $673,479, and the internal revenue receipts to $425,587. The Treasurer received $203,000 in National bank notes for redemption; the totals of such receipts for the week, compared with the same week of 1880, beings as follows:

	1880.	1881.
New York	$163,000	$324,000
Boston	17,000	32,000
Philadelphia	43,000	50,000
Miscellaneous	421,000	485,000
Total	$649,000	$1,093,000

Since last week's issue of the BLADE the volume of trade throughout the country has been of increased proportions, but business has been checked greatly by the continued unseasonable weather which has kept roads in the interior in an wretched condition. The surplus wheat cannot be readily brought to market. Lumber and various other articles of trade cannot be placed at depots for shipment, and until the weather becomes more settled the great activity which is sure to come cannot fully set in. With the avenues of trade fully opened the pulsation of business will be felt in every quarter of the country, and the good fortune of Western people will be largely increased when their produce is sent forward to Eastern markets where hard gold dollars are ready to be freely given for that which the busy workers of the West have to sell.

STATE STOCKS.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thr	Frid	Sat.
Old Tennessee's	65	70	73½	73⅞	77¼	73½
New Tennessee's	75	70	72½	78⅞	77	75
Old Virginia's	25	32	86¼	36	36	33
New Virginia's	35	32	35	33	32	35
Sterling, 6's	114½	115	115¾	115¾	115	115
Louisiana 7½'s	60⅜	60	62	62½	61	61

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

	Mon	Tues.	Wed	Thrs	Frid	Sat.
U. S. 1881	102¼	102⅜	102¼	102⅛	102⅛	102⅛
U. S. 5's, new	102⅜	102	102⅜	102⅜	102⅜	102⅜
U. S. new 4½'s	113	112⅝	112⅝	112⅜	112⅜	112⅜
U. S. new 4's	114	113⅝	113⅝	113⅝	113⅝	114
Sterling, sight	483	482½	482½	482½	483¼	483¼
Sterling, 60 days	481¼	481	480½	481	481¼	481¼
Pacific 6's of '95	120	121	122	120	121	122

DRY GOODS.

During the past week the number of merchants from different parts of the country in eastern markets was quite large, but there was less activity developed than was looked for. However, the quantity of goods ordered was of very fair proportions, and the indications of a better trade this week are all that could be desired, and the season's business is likely to prove satisfactory to manufacturers. The condition of the market may be briefly stated: The weakness in low grade cotton goods continues, but leading makes of standard sheetings, fine bleached goods and ducks, denims, etc., are in small supply, and as a rule, are held steadily at current prices. Prints show little animation. Ginghams are active and firm, with agents' stocks well cleaned up and leading makes generally sold ahead. Men's wear woolens drag heavily, despite the advantages accorded to buyers, and the tone of the market is weak, with values in most cases unsettled. Dress prices have been made in some instances to clear up stocks of light weights, but except in this way there have been no important transactions in Spring goods, and buyers take hold of Fall fabrics with extreme caution. As the season advances, however, agents look for a better trade in heavy weights. Shawls rule quiet. Dress goods are only in moderate demand. The jobbing trade feel quite cheerful on account of the activity of trade, merchants from the interior taking hold quite freely. The jobbers of Toledo say their sales for the week just closed were largely in excess of any previous week for several years.

WOOL.

The Boston Wool Circular of Gray, Dewey, Gould & Co. says of the Wool market: There has been very little excitement in the market this week. Manufacturers have not been very pressing for supplies of domestic, and it is a matter of surprise that they fail to respond when holders are willing to meet them at the low prices now current. The stocks held by them are believed to be comparatively light, but the goods trade has been so unsatisfactory they hesitate to stock up even when it is evident that desirable lots of fleeces are not likely to go any lower than at present, and that it may be difficult to replace them even when new fleeces are ready for market. If any favorable change takes place in goods, it is believed that all stocks of wool would soon disappear. The new clip of wool continues to move slowly at San Francisco, and the best Southern wools are still held there at 20c ₱ lb. Ohio and Pennsylvania have not been sold to any extent. Combing and delaine wools have been quiet and stocks are sold up close. In unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces the business has been comparatively light. Pulled wools have again sold quite freely, although transactions are considerably less than the sales of last week. The transactions in foreign wool have been considerable, largely Montevideo and Australian wools in this market and Donskoi and other carpet wools in New York.

The sales of the week indicate prices as follows: Ohio and Pennsylvania X, XX and No. 1, 40@45c; Michigan X and medium, 39@43c; combing and delaine, 43@48c; Territory, 17@40c; unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces, 20@33c; California spring, 25@37c; California fall, 16@25c; super and X pulled, 20@46c; scoured, 50@75@; nolls, 15@52½c.

GROCERIES.

The American Grocer (N. Y.) of latest date says the coffee market has a better and firmer tone, and holders are not disposed to offer stock at brokers' quotations. There is a light stock of Brazil in first hands. In sugar there has been no change during the week in prices. The demand for refined during the past few days has been very light. The market has ruled firmer, however, with a slight advance in all grades of hard except granulated. The cut-turn has been reduced. The market for tea is steady, with some evidence of a better feeling.

Advices by telegraph say: Refined sugars firm. Coffee and tea, good tone. Fruits steady.

HARDWARE, ETC.

Increased activity was developed in the market for hardware within the past week, both shelf and heavy hardware moving satisfactorily. There has been some improvement in transportation facilities, but they are by no means as good as are necessary to accommodate the increasing business. With settled warm weather and good roads, the volume of trade promises to be unusually large.

LUMBER.

The business of the past week at the large sources of supply was much in excess of the previous week. The prospect is flattering for an unusually large trade this season, especially for residence purposes. Increased imigration to America, as well as the general employment our people is causing a pressing demand for houses and outbuildings.

COAL.

There was a fairly good demand for coal during the past week, in consequence of the unseasonable weather. The supply at the mines and yards is sufficient for all purposes.

OILS.

The opening up of a new oil territory in the vicinity of Butler, Pa., has caused a big flurry of excitement in that vicinity. In fact, parties who in the early days of the "oil fever" secured leases of property in that neighborhood, have been busy hunting up their papers and getting into shape for speculation in land and developement of the country.

FISH.

The demand for mackerel is a little slack and prices favor buyers. Shore mackerel, $17 00@$19 00 for No. 1; $6 50@7 50 for No 2 and $4 50@4 75 for No. 3. Dry cod quiet and easy. Lake fish in demand and firm. White fish, No. 1 (new), $7 00 hlf bbl; lake herring, (new), $3 75; skinned catfish, $6 75; Trout (new), $5 50.

The BLADE'S telegraph dispatch from London this morning, regarding the markets, is as follows:

LONDON, April 12.—The Mark Lane Express says: Vegetation has been retarded by recent east winds. Wheat, however, appears healthy, though backward. Deliveries of English wheat have been small and the scarcity compelled needy buyers to pay 1s. advance in some provincial markets, but the demand was very restricted. In London the business in wheat was small and prices nominally unchanged. Red winter has risen 6d on account of scarcity in spot. Only one cargo of that grade arrived off coast last week, which, after being some days in the market, sold for 48s. Long continued easterly winds have prevented the arrival of grain-laden vessels, and granary stocks at home ports consequently are much reduced, but spot prices have not been affected, except in the above-mentioned instance. Nearly half the supply of foreign wheat was American. Flour in small supply, which was absorbed by the demand at unchanged prices. Foreign flour in quiet demand at unaltered quotations. The scarcity of wheat helped the sale of flour. Maize in small spot supply and off coast market bare. Mixed American has risen 2d at Liverpool. Barley in short supply, with slow demand and prices firm. Foreign barley in small supply and quiet. Oats—heavier sorts firm, but trade unaltered. Foreign oats in large supply; old 6d dearer and Russian 6d cheaper; trade slackened at the close. Sales of English wheat for the week, 20,433 qrs., at 44s 4d ₱ qr., against 24,044 qrs. at 38s 2d ₱ qr. for the corresponding week last year.

Information from various sections of the Winter wheat belt within the past week have been quite conflicting regarding the condition of the growing crop. Some correspondents report the outlook discouraging in certain parts of Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, while others claim that a superficial examination of the fields of wheat would make the situation a very serious one in the sections named, while in fact a careful examination shows the condition such as to cause no apprehension if the weather soon becomes settled and favorable to a rapid growth. Up to the present time the weight of evidence to show that the condition of the wheat is bad is not of a sufficiently positive nature to be trustworthy, and the course of the markets within the week would indicate that grain dealers do not accept the discouraging reports as reliable, as the price of grain was not as high at the close yesterday as on Tuesday last. It is true that values were higher than on Saturday, but this may be accounted for by the fact that rail rates on grain to the seaboard have been reduced, and as a natural result prices moved to a basis a little higher on free sales of present delivery for shipment. Continued unseasonable weather keeps the wheat in a dormant state, and until the weather becomes mild and the sun warms the ground so as to test the growing capabilities of the Fall-sown wheat, a reliable judgment as to its condition cannot be formed. "The oldest inhabitant" predicts that we can't have three good crops in succession, but predictions are not always safe for dealers to risk their money upon. Stubborn facts are what is required. As the coming week will advance April to a point where fine weather may be reasonably expected, more correct opinions may be formed as to the real condition of the wheat, which will have a decided bearing upon the market. As to the Spring Wheat there seems to be no cause for apprehension that the sowing will be delayed beyond a time when there will be positive danger to its growth and maturity. Each succeeding day more fully emphasizes the fact that England is in need of our surplus wheat, and with increased emigration to America and an unusually large home requirement, there is good reason for supposing that by the time harvest comes our surplus will be greatly reduced, and no matter how encouraging the outlook may be hereafter wheat should at least bring present value.

Special reports from London and Liverpool are as follows:

LONDON, April 12—1:00 P. M.—Arrived Wheat, not much doing. Arrived Corn steady. To arrive Red Wheat dull. To arrive Corn dull Red Winter Wheat off coast declined 6d. California Wheat off coast declined 6d. Country markets steady.

LIVERPOOL, April 12—1:00 P. M.—Wheat—downward tendency, little doing. Corn dull and easier at 36 5d. California Wheat declined 6d. Cargoes off coast for United Kingdom and Continent—Wheat and Corn neglected. To arrive Corn firmer.

At to-day's session of the Toledo Produce Exchange there was less done in the market for prompt delivery Wheat than at yesterday's session, but prices were a little stronger for that which did sell. Spot Amber sold limitedly at 110¾c, 1c advance. As compared with last Tuesday, this grade of Wheat is worth precisely the same figure.

In White Wheat the only kind taken was No. 1 White Michigan, a little spurt in which was made at 108c, 1c improved.

The dealing in Red Wheat for cash did not assume anything more than moderate proportions. No. 2 Red Wabash sold to a small extent at an upward turn of 1c, 110½c, the same price that it brought on Tuesday, a week since. No 3 Red Wheat, 103@103½c, the latter to close, no alteration. To arrive of same grade, 103c. D. & M. sold to open trade at 108c, after which it was neglected.

For future delivery there was a very respectable business accomplished in No. 2 Red W